TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Some people who are connected with the volunteer forces feel called upon to uphold the action of the officer Streator in hanging that private up by the thumbs for insubordination. To defend the officer is an affectation on the part of those who do it, for in truth Streator could never be imitated by those who excuse him. In these days such men are phenomenal. It is not the real disciplinarian who could decide to inflict such punishment, nor is it the judge with well balanced mind who could visit such consequences upon an ebullition of unhealthy excitement. Streator is evidently a man who brought an inferior mind into contact with the history of military methods from the days of Cæsar to those of Napoleon, but failed to take cognizance of modern enlightenment and the progress of this century. Discipline was once maintained by a system of terror, and many world-beating generals have falsely like a man. He will either do that or he will deteriorate to an animal level. The mutineers on merchantmen in the old days, atrocious as were the crimes they often committed, were at bottom inspired by the blessed spark of true manhood. They retaliated with treachery and murder upon the arrogant mastership set up on the seas by officers over the self-hood of men. No small share of the good things enjoyed in the Christian civilization of the present time was won and bequeathed to us by the so called cut-throats of times past. We seldom pause to think of this, but I am sure a careful historian could demonstrate it conclusively.

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When control is based on principles of evident justice it is successful, and no severity of punishment can make men submit for a lengthened period to oppression. Even when the offence is real but the penalty exorbitant, there is something in the human mind that explained their successes as due to the violence of punishment inflicted upon the slightest breach of rules. We know better nowadays. The military authorities have in some part learned a lesson almost thoroughly mastered by the civil authorities. The great and vital truth is that no law is so binding as the one based on evident justice; or rather, no supremacy is so effectively maintained as that which trusts to the justice of its authority instead of to the violence of punishment which it is able to administer. When only the fears of a subordinate are appealed to and his reason ignored, he is under restraint only while under observation. In the navy at one time they keel hauled sailors for such an offence as spitting tobacco juice on the deck, and some poor tars have walked the plank for swearing in pain and desperation at brutal officers. The modern idea is to educate brutality out of the officers and to weed it out of the regulations, and the result is that the sailors are more tractable in the guaranteed privileges and just duties of to-day than they ever were under the unbending rigor practiced during last century. All authority should presuppose the intelligence of mankind in general, and when you unjustly apply to a man the restrictions required in handling a beast he will await his chance and outwit you prompts the perpetration of the offence as an illogical protest against the penalty. When George II. and George III. sought to reduce the cost of prisons by hanging people for the most trivial misdemeanors, such as cutting the bark of shade-trees, cutting hop-bands, or the larceny of anything having a value of a few shillings—I think under some circumstances three shillings was stipulated as enough to fix you—these very offences became more frequent than ever before, and we are told that "Tyburn had its weekly victims." Hanging was at last decided to be no deterrent.

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Streator is not abreast of the times as a disciplinarian, and if someone would pull one of his toe nails off to make him admit his error he would suddenly lose admiration for the inquisitorial practices of ye olden time. But no one can excuse the conduct of Iams. He was guilty of gross insubordination in offering that cheer when on parade duty. Military discipline can never allow such outbreaks, and besides, the man who could applaud the deed of an assassin should have been disgraced and drummed out of the national service. Frick's assassin was nothing more nor less than a mean coward, for while he did not hesitate to pull the trigger and shoot his victim he lacked the courage to snap his teeth on the dynamite cartridges in his mouth. His own base person was too dear to sacrifice as he sought to sacrifice a better man. This is a characteristic of assassins. Greatrex, the young Englishman who shot his father at Leamington, failed to carry out his plan of also shooting himself. He sickened and weakened when he looked in the muzzle of the weapon with which he unhesitatingly committed his patricidal act. Streator should not have inflicted torture on Iams, because discipline did not require it and it was beyond the province of an officer to punish a man for depravity of instinct in applauding an assassin. The excessive penalty inflicted in this case is more likely to subvert than to enforce discipline, for public indignation being aroused other rattle-headed soldiers may seek to cut a figure before the eyes of the nation.

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The Dominion Government was made to look rather ridiculous in the encounters of the revenue people with that bad man who has been carrying on whisky smuggling down east. It has been shown that the Government cruisers are, or were, not equipped with means nor vested with authority to either put up an attack or show a defence if resisted in their duty of overhauling suspicious craft. These cruisers were merely so many big bluffs floating around on the face of the waters looking for nice, tame smugglers, and when old man Bouchard leaned over the hind end of his boat with a shot gun in his hands and warned them off, the revenue people nearly fainted at his impudence. When they recovered sufficiently they sailed away to report the bad man, and Bouchard laughed and sailed away to unload his cargo. When they caught him again he was very obliging, but his boat was empty. The Government has tried to avoid being laughed at by explaining that it was never thought necessary to arm these vessels, because it was not expected that any vesselmen would resist search. Almost as well might we send out handcuffed policemen to intimidate possible law-breakers on land, as to send out these boats armed with nothing more formidable than a civil service clerk and a lead pencil.

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There is too much make-believe, too much playing at government, in the administration of what may be classed as our national affairs, by the Parliament at Ottawa. In the making of common laws we are well looked after, but in applying the larger freedom accorded us at, or shortly previous to, Confederation our rulers have never risen to what has been demanded of them. Nearly a century of colonial experience would seem to have left a weakening impress on the character of our statesmen, so that now, when the country is practically independent, they are incapable of assuming full charge of such small defence by land and sea as our interests call for. The mission of these cruisers has never been considered serious; they have simply been expected to bask in the moonshine and afford a retreat for officials between the monthly pay-days. We have a militia that is as much a social as a military organization, and we have forts where the cannon are out of date and could never give a decent answer to a modern enemy. They could give back but the futile retorts of 1812 to the thunderous charges of 1892. We are clamoring for the treaty-making power, yet so far we have failed to give evidence of the necessary backbone to use it. With an ingratitude that will astonish posterity, we have shown one solitary instance of hardihood, and that was in boldly putting a tariff upon the merchandise of England. True, a tariff was also put on imports from the United States, but the preliminaries to, and the subsequent gyrations of, that tariff show little of boldness on our part. There have been too many pleadings and beggings, too many surrenders and retractions, and whenever a little whiff of spirit has marked the mean and cringing tenor of our attitude towards the republic that so habitually rebuffs us, it has been promptly followed by servile penance and reparation. No people is fit for independence until it acquires confidence in itself as a distinct division of the human race, and it will be a sad and disheartening sight for those who have been invited to look upon the Tory party as the Canadian party, to see the Dominion Government obediently submit its neck to the heel of American jingoism at this day and hour. It is a fatal time for the least display of weakness on the part of those who deny that the unification of this continent is foreordained, for men's minds are in a deliberative state and a small weakness may be taken to indicate a complete dependence. If a spirited stand is made and we give Harrison as good as we get, the real damage sustained will not be an excessive price to pay for the solidification of all our divided parties into a national people. One act of cowardice now cannot be atoned by a dozen of heroism later on in the inevitable contest over the destiny of Canada.

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The first of August was blazoned across the southern sky as the day of our doom, but it proved uneventful, and the wheels of commerce revolved, the smoke curled up from stovepipes all over the land, and while digesting good dinners the Canadian people read in the evening papers that the blow had not fallen. Nor has it fallen up to the present time of writing. We are all going about our business as unconcernedly as we did on the day appointed by Mother Shipton for the end of the world. Whatever happens we will make the best of it, and if nothing transpires we shall have lost no sleep. The Government can scarcely refrain from doing its spirited duty in striking back if struck. It is called upon not to dodge a blow, nor to prevent it by wheedling over the menacing hand, but to strike back if struck and acquaint the national assailant with the truth that we are not a defenceless people, nor patient enough to be walked on by the politicians of the republic. If under the expected provocation our rulers fail to display some spirit, it will be final evidence that the Conservative leaders have been wearing false faces and expressing an insincere confidence in the inherent strength of Canada. So far Harrison has not let slip the dogs of war, but it is pretty certain that he will, because Cleveland went the length he has already gone and Cleveland's record must be broken. Let us see that it is hopelessly broken—let us see that Canada does not err as usual on the side of unnecessary and old-womanish fears upon which neighbors can play and benefit.

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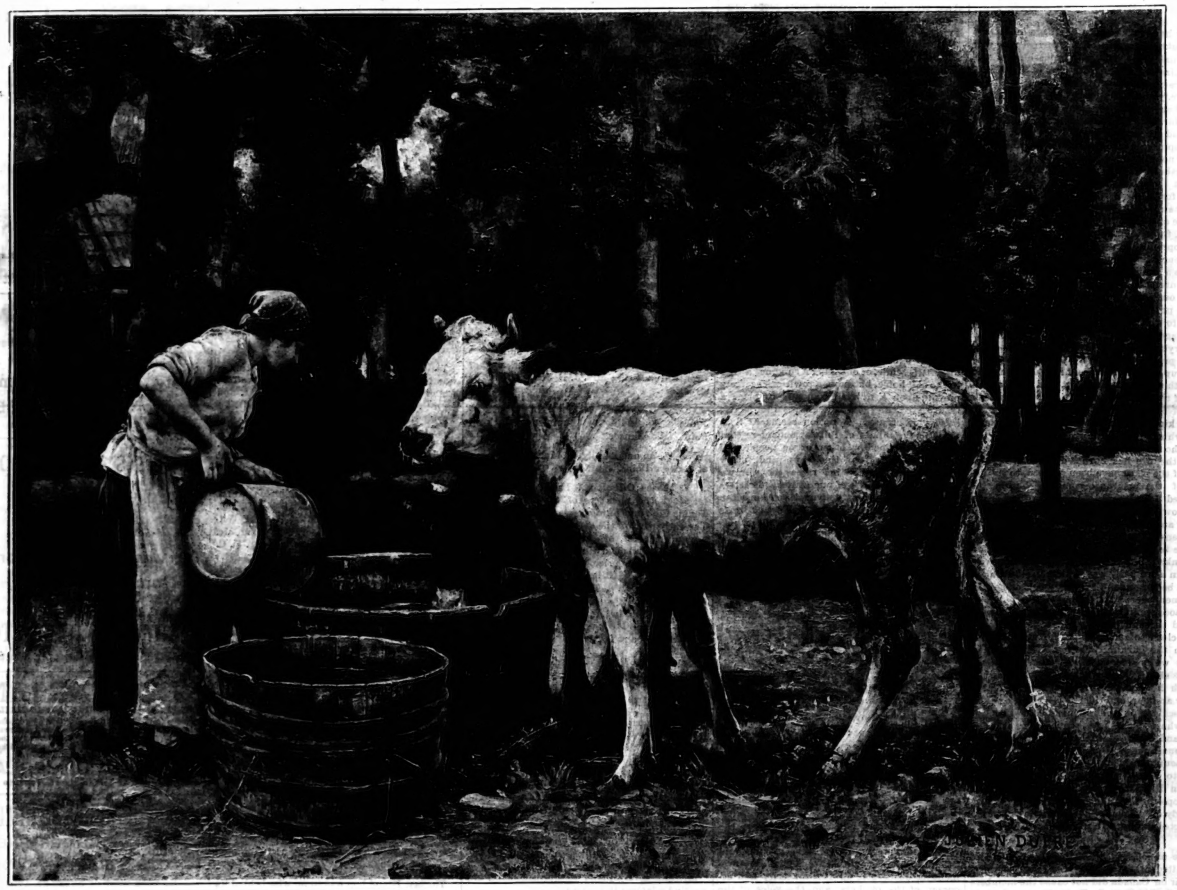
A gentleman who has just returned from St. John's, Newfoundland, expresses himself as greatly disgusted with what he saw there—everybody scrambling to make something out of the general misfortune and out of the generosity of outsiders. Now I confess that the transports of my sympathy for those unfortunate people were in a measure subdued by read-



MORNING IN BRITTANY.

ing a week or two ago of the difficulty experienced by relief boats in having their stores unloaded. Surely if the people of St. John's are reduced to such extremities that aid is solicited from Canada and England, the least the citizens of the place could do would be to unload the provisions sent freely to them. At all events, when the officers of a relief vessel are ready to pay good wages they should succeed in obtaining men, or, if the laboring people can do better to stand around and take what is sent to them, without hiring out as unloaders of their own succor, it is a pretty good notice for outside aid to cease. Reports say that crowds of idle laborers stood around the docks and refused to work for love or money. The first impulse of a man would be to withhold further aid to the people of St. John's, but anyone who has been on the spot through such a disaster will make an allowance for the utter demoralization of the community, and will not be surprised that laborers refuse to work at the docks while the ruins of a city in ashes lie around and relate to each other the horrors they witnessed. The social lines have been obliterated; the barriers between rich and poor have been reduced to ashes; the pomp and pride of the place have been scorched out; mills, factories, street cars, churches, stores, are gone and master and man walk up together to the place where the Government doles out relief to everybody. Where practically all are penniless and all county-fed, why should one out of each thousand work at the docks, and why should the one who all his life has been a beast of burden volunteer in such a crisis to be a pack-horse for the multitude? He has served his turn, and a long one too, and wants to see what is going on.

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If you have ever been in a village in Ontario over night when a fire has occurred, you will on a small scale have seen something of the demoralization which must exist in St. John's. If a store or a house in the center of the village is on fire, you will find everybody running to it with all speed and crying an alarm, the women and children in tears standing at a little distance and screaming when a fierce flame shoots up, stopping men to ask questions which the men do not pause to answer. And the men, they rush in to save things, risk their lives without accomplishing much, and get no thanks for it because the insurance is worth more than the chattels. But you will notice how the ordinary rules of village life are suspended, for neighboring stores are opened and the proprietor throws out stacks of wooden pails, fences are torn down to make a straight path to a pump, men rush into houses they never entered before and scamper upstairs to find an outlet to the roof, or lug the furniture out to provide against loss should the fire spread to that dwelling. The richest man in the village and the old fellow who saws wood for everybody, the Methodist preacher and the parish priest will find a ladder somewhere, lean it up against a house, help each other up and with some blankets captured from a bedroom of the house opposite will cover and soak the roof to retard the flames. The pastor of the old kirk will run into the hotel and demand some whisky to pour down the throat of the man who fell off the kitchen roof, and when finally the fire has burned down and the contents of the place have been rescued, to the delight of the insurance company but in too damaged a condition to be of any further use to the owner, then the hotelkeeper will open his bar and call everybody in for refreshments. The license laws of the province are set aside, and the teetotaler and the toper and the moderate drinker all take a few doses from the same bottle in a brotherly way, which, alack and alas! cannot be permanent. There, too, is one of the clergymen over in the corner with a bottle of plain soda, telling the village atheist how he climbed through the side window and rescued a hair-cloth sofa and thinks he was the first man in the burning building. He shows the atheist where his hair was singed and the atheist shows him where a cinder burned through his hat. Nobody thinks of going to bed for an hour, and then it is coming day and they decide upon an early breakfast. The poor man whose place was reduced to ashes is pitied and condoled with, and to make this a real, honest picture I must add that about noon the amount of insurance is known and they begin to hint it about that the man set the place on fire himself. I am quite satisfied that the people of St. John's are acting in the way any body of people I have ever known would have acted under the circumstances.

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If the announcement that the President of the United States intended to declare commercial war on Canada did not cause the members of the Government to hurry home from the various places where they were camping and fishing, I venture to think the decision of the Privy Council on the Manitoba School case is having that effect. The Government banked a good deal on the decision of the Supreme Court, for, there being no escape from an overmastering difficulty should that decision be reversed, it was cheerfully concluded that it would not be reversed. Fate has been so kind to the Conservatives, the courts have been so courteous and Justice has been so nefariously obliging—even seeming to be no longer blind, but to have recovered sufficient sight with one eye to enable her to distinguish the ruddy visage of a Tory from the lank and cadaverous countenance of a misanthrope Grit—that really it was not thought possible that the Privy Council would create a difficulty by supporting the Manitoba Government in its school legislation. But the difficulty has been created and its dimensions are huge. The French and Roman Catholic influences will urge the Dominion Government to pass remedial legislation, which by a provision of the B. N. A. act may be done at discretion, but the Government dare not comply in view of the stand Manitoba has taken. The sentiment of two-thirds the people of Canada is with the province, and Premier Abbott is too wise to antagonize that sentiment. In the Commons the Protestant members are conspicuously politicians rather than exemplars or defenders of the faith, and they have always shown a vote-fetching readiness of conviction whenever Rome complains of a wrong. It is right that they should be able to realize a wrong and that they should be ready to remove it, but the Church and the French people are misguided in expecting that the legislators who have been generous in interpreting what may fairly be called treaty privileges, will give for nothing in Manitoba what was conceded in Ontario as the necessity of an anxious bargain.

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Something of what we may expect to soon find widespread and violent is already on view in the columns of the French papers, in the way of assertions that oppression will be resisted at the sacrifice of life. That's right, and I would applaud such an heroic utterance roundly, only the Quebec editors usually shed more ink than blood in these campaigns against the cruel despotism which we have imposed upon their race. The devotion of our French brethren to the interests of their race cannot be questioned, and in case of a struggle against the Confederation there is not a man among them but would shed the last drop of his Irish substitute's blood in the holy cause. Still, even such excessive devotion as theirs can accomplish nothing now that the people of Canada know that the right of the matter and the law of the matter are both with the Premier of Manitoba. The Dominion Government can be grievously pestered and perhaps tumbled into a bad hole before this affair is settled, but it dare not interfere. One outcome of the case may be that Count Mercier and Nationalism will realize a boom, for it will be pointed out that the Supreme Court has an elastic measure for French privileges, but it is this Privy Council over in England which weighs and measures so rigidly and deprives the watering mouth of rich bites. The Nationalists will probably become once more very active in urging that Quebec shake away from its present control.

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The Canadian railways during the summer months should organize some system of cheaper rates and encourage the habit of taking vacations, which is just budding out among the mass of people. The habit can never become as general as it should so long as railway fares remain stubbornly above the reach of ordinary people. A man of family cannot take a trip to Muskoka or to his early home east or west unless he is comfortably off, and the clerk who goes away on vacation must do so at the loss or inconvenience of his tailor or landlady. There is no reason under the sun but one why the mechanic should not indulge in a summer trip such as is now the luxury of the professional man and capitalist, and that reason is the big price of tickets, which affright him at the threshold of any such intention. It is too big an outlay to be made just for fun. At the Michigan summer resorts you will find men of every occupation, carpenters and lawyers, ministers and moulders, putting in periods of from one week to three months. In the cities everyone figures upon getting to the lake shore for a little while, or of taking a run once a year to the old home, but here a town can scarcely prevail upon a railroad company to place a train and cheap rates at its disposal for a civic holiday excursion. A notion seems to float through the minds of railway managers that it is foreordained whether or no people will go for a ride on the cars and every cent of reduction in rates is thrown away. The practices of our railway directors would amaze their contemporaries on American roads, whose keenness for business forbids them to sleep. Fares might be reduced one-half during the summer months for round trip tickets in all directions, and the companies would be money in at the end of the year.

MACK.

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The following contributions are acknowledged:

Fresh Air Fund:	
Previously reported	$184 35
Two Sweatsers	2 00
F. L. McB., Heathcote	1 00
Two friends	1 00
Once Again	1 00
Anon (E. W. T.)	1 00
H. P. M., Tillsonburg	1 00
Total	$191 35
Country Fortnight:	
Previously reported	$ 6 00
A Mother, Pogmassing	4 00
Total	$10 00

Social and Personal.

The two Center Island quilting clubs, the St. Andrew's and the Mead's, are in great fettle and play regularly every evening and Saturday afternoon. A wonderful improvement is observable in the dexterity and accuracy of the pitchers, and the voice of the "turtle" is now seldom heard in the land. The members of the clubs are Canadian, Irish, English and Scotchmen, and the most enthusiastic is a hardy little Scot.

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Bishop Baldwin, of Huron, and his family are summering at Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

•

Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Mrs. Moffatt left for the seaside on Thursday last.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Graham of London are spending their summer vacation in Toronto, at the residence of Mr. S. R. Graham, 142 Avenue road.

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One of the most original women who has ever made a landmark in Toronto society passed away on Monday last. Mrs. Frances Boulton, familiarly known as "Aunt Fanny" to half the generation of Toronto society, was a woman of sterling character, independent action and warm and loving heart. In her long and active life she has done more kind and helpful actions than stand to the credit of many vaunted philanthropists, and her well known form and cheery greeting will be missed by scores of old friends. She died at the residence of her son, Mr. Henry Boulton.

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Mrs. W. S. Johnston, the Misses Alice and Nellie and Master Graham Johnston, of 61 Wood street, are at Port Elgin, Western Ontario's popular summer resort.

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Another big fish has been captured by a Toronto fisherman. Mrs. Davies of Rosedale, who with her daughter, Miss Emily, and her son, Mr. Carleton, is summering in Muskoka, succeeded in hooking an enormous bass, which had cunningly eluded the efforts of a party of sports to capture him.

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Mr. R. J. Hunter and family have returned from the seaside.

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Miss D. Cornnell and the Misses Pollard have returned from a few weeks' visit at the bank, Paradise Grove, as the guests of Mr. Jardine, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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Mrs. James De Vilbiss of New Windsor, Maryland, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Miss Ella De Vilbiss, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jos. H. Manley of 65 McCaul street.

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Mrs. William Junor and party left for England on Thursday.

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Dr. Kertland left for a fortnight at the seaside on Tuesday last.

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Mr. Sam Whistler is at Center Island for the summer.

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Mr. John Wright has returned from Cape Elizabeth.

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Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and family have returned to their beautiful Toronto home, Derwent Lodge, after a lengthened European sojourn. Mrs. Thompson will receive after the first of September.

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A Rosedale engagement has been announced which has given rise to many congratulations, both the parties being most popular in society circles.

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Dr. Alfred F. Webster is again in town, after a pleasant sail through the Thousand Islands.

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Mrs. Frank Wootten and Miss Wootten have returned home from their holiday at the Paignton House, Lake Rosseau.

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Mrs. and Miss McMahon have returned from Cleveland's, Muskoka, and report a most charming holiday at that popular resort. I am much impressed by the accounts from various parts of Muskoka, and can only believe that where so many are enthusiastic, each over her own particular resort, a general excellence must have been the rule.

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Letters from Mrs. Walter Stewart (Miss Nellie Richardson) speak in glowing terms of the beauties of Banff.

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Miss Ryder, who is a very popular lady, has returned to Lorne Park and was heartily welcomed.

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Mr. W. S Pridham of Jarvis street, who has been visiting at Masengah Island as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blachford, has returned to Toronto.

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Dr. and Mrs. Shenly of Detroit were last week visiting Dr. Price Brown of Carlton street.

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Miss Oliver of Buffalo and Miss Hixson of Bronte are visiting Mrs. J. B. Jones of Simcoe street.

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Mrs. J. H. Webbr and son and the Misses Jones are spending the summer at Jackson Point, Lake Simcoe.

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Mr. Alison and family of Murray street are at Jackson Point.

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The Misses O'Hagan of Langley avenue entertained the members of St. Paul's Lawn Tennis Club on Thursday evening of last week. The early part of the evening was taken up by a tennis contest, in which Miss Eva Gendron and Mr. Anderson distinguished themselves by carrying off the prize. Besides the winners I noticed: Misses Gillespie, Langford, Larkin, A. Gillespie, Milne, T. Larkin, Kennedy, Mallon, Daly and Ryan of Buffalo, and Messrs. Queanell, John Mallon, Langford, John Larkin, James Mallon, McCabe, Dee, Joseph Larkin, Murphy, Hill and Dr. Way.

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Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Rose, of the Rose Publishing Co., and their little daughter Hildred, accompanied by Mrs. John Tinning, left for a two weeks' trip to Duluth on Tuesday last.

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Mrs. Howard of Gerrard street received her friends three afternoons last week. The bride looked charming in her stylish gown of white merveilleux with diamond ornaments. She was assisted by Miss Gregory of Lindsay, who wore a most becoming silver-gray *faille*, with shoes of the same shade. The magnificent wedding presents were much admired by many friends.

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Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley have returned home after a most enjoyable trip.

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Mr. and Mrs. Sparks of Gerrard street are visiting relatives in Ottawa.

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Miss Baker of Barrie has been spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Howson of Wellington place.

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The Band of the Royal Grenadiers held their annual excursion last Monday.

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Last Saturday afternoon the grand stand at the Rosedale grounds was thronged with interested spectators, the fair sex being well represented, and judging by the applause it was easily seen that lacrosse is the favorite game in this city. It is certainly exciting, and not a monotonous but a nice sport to watch, but at the same time it is to be regretted that there is not more encouragement for cricket, as it is a grand old game and enjoyed immensely by cricketers.

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Mrs. George Evans and Master Vernon Evans are spending the summer with friends in Muskoka.

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Mr. Ernest Kortright of Barrie was in town last week.

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Mrs. J. Henderson is summering at Drumsondville.

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Dr. and Mrs. Bosanko of Barrie have come to Toronto to reside.

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Miss Henderson of Montreal has been visiting Mrs. Nally of Spadina avenue.

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Mr. Davis has gone for a two weeks' holiday trip.

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Miss Laura S. Wise of Ottawa, who has been attending the Conservatory of Music for several months, returned home last week.

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Mr. John Michie is holidaying in Muskoka for a week.

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Mrs. (Dr.) Burham and family are enjoying the delightful lake breezes at Norway, where they intend remaining until the latter part of this season.

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On Friday evening of last week a most pleasing event took place at East Toronto, it being a complimentary supper given by the Conservatives for Mr. Maclean, in honor of the recent victory in East York. The tables were laden with most inviting dishes and reflected great credit on the caterer. Dr. Shaw was in the chair and on either side of him were the guest, Emerson Coatsworth, M. P., S. Hughes, M. P., Mr. B. Morton, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Allmen, Major Henderson, Mr. Millikin, Mr. Summerhayes, John Fogg, Alfred Mills, Dr. Walters and a large number of railway employees. Stephen's Hall has probably never seen a more loyal or a jollier gathering than on this occasion. Several good vocal numbers were given during the evening and some excellent speeches. Altogether it was a most successful affair and the committee are to be congratulated.

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A mark of particular favor was recently shown to Mr. H. M. Field, the distinguished Toronto pianist. This was an invitation to play privately at Krausa's house, before two princes of Anhalt-Dessau. These were Frederick, the eldest and successor, and Prince Edward, his brother. A third brother it will be remembered married not long ago the daughter of Princess Alice, whose mother is Queen Victoria. After playing Mr. Field was invited by Prince Frederick to a seat beside him, and in the course of a half hour's conversation which followed he was highly complimented by the prince. Mr. Field will return to Toronto some time this month and resume his professional duties at the College of Music with the opening of the season, September 5 next.

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The Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe and her niece, Mrs. Fitz-Globon, were registered at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire this week.

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Miss Labatt of London is visiting Mrs. Francis.

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Mr. and Mrs. Jack King of Toronto and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wilbur of New York spent Sunday at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, Mr. Wilbur returning with the party to Toronto for a brief visit.

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One of pleasantest breaks so far in the season at the Lake Shore, Sand Banks, was a little gift to the deservedly popular junior proprietor, Mr. Garrett Hyatt, of a field glass, to commemorate a sporting day with the funny tribe, the fishing party having been an outing given by Mr. Garrett Hyatt to some of the guests at the hotel.

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The social hop at Hotel Louise last Saturday was in every respect a most enjoyable affair. Among those present were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Prince and Mr. L. R. Prince of New York, Mr. G. S. Pingur of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Black, Mr. Arthur E. Rowland, Mrs. Rowland, Miss Knight, Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Miss Violet VanKoughnet, Mr. F. J. Dean, Mr. Cyril W. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLeod, Mrs. Lyon, Mr. I. C. Suckling, Mr. A. Shields, Mr. E. A. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hewitt, Mr. H. Montizambert, Mr. G. R. Miles, Miss K. Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Hood, Mr. C. J. Long, Mr. J. E. Firth, Mr. S. E. Cunningham, Mr. H. C. Coates, Mr. M. J. Duboles, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. F. McEachren, Mr. S. R. Johnston, Mrs. J. Earls, Mrs. Brennen, Miss Sparrow, the Misses Ritchie, Miss Campbell, Mr. H. B. Kent, Miss Hewlett, Miss Sloan, Mrs. F. W. Mossop and Miss Holderness of Toronto and a number of others. Mr. F. T. Jennings led the orchestra with his usual prompt and perfect manner.

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Mr. Miles W. Beemer, son of the president of Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Co. of New York, is spending a two weeks' vacation in Toronto.

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Mrs. W. S. Rough and daughter, of Winnipeg, are the guests of Mrs. W. Muldrew, 239 Huron street.

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Miss Bovel, Miss Babbitt and Miss Dunlop, three young ladies of Detroit well known in educational circles throughout Michigan, passed through the city last week on their way to Muskoka, where they intend to spend a week before continuing their tour of Ontario. They were greatly pleased with all they saw of Toronto, and expressed themselves as delighted with their trip.

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The last Island hop was in no wise behind its

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SPECIAL NOTICE

In order to give our artists an opportunity to visit the centers of fashion we have closed our dressmaking rooms until August 15, when we will be able to show new dress materials and trimmings suitable for Fall Costumes, and will complete orders on the shortest possible notice.

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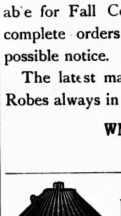

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A Pot-pourri.

THE Parisian woman is going in for things hand-painted. Her gowns are decorated with hand-painted flowers, and the vest which she dons with her walking costume is the background of a choice artistic effect. One of the eccentric young women whose chief object in life is to have something new, painted flies all over her white percale vest, and wore it with innocent satisfaction. Hand-painted pocket-books are numerous, and, of course, the hand-painted fan is more conspicuously to the front than ever.

•

A waist with a single seam—that down the middle of the back—is now made by Paris dressmakers. It is cut bias throughout, the back slightly full at the belt line, the fronts curved away like an elongated Figaro jacket. The cut-away fronts are faced with the material, and disclose a waist underneath of stripes of *ecru batiste* with guipure lace attached to the collar, shaped on the shoulders, drooping over the sleeve tops and descending as bretelles. The skirt is entirely of the *batiste* and lace stripes over a bell-shaped silk skirt.

•

The New York milliners are alarmed at the onward successful march of the sailor hat. Some years since, when all the women wore pot hats, it became a serious matter to the ribbon and feather fraternity. Finally, one milliner advertised a great sale of pot hats at ten cents apiece "to colored people only." Her scheme was a success, and that style of hat was no longer worn. *Apropos* of this, a story is told of a prominent yachtsman who is conspicuous for never wearing a yachting-cap, when every man, woman and child sports one. When asked why he did not wear it, he replied, "Because I own a yacht."

•

In connection with light summer wraps, the new dust cloaks are specialties of this season at race meetings and other out-of-door entertainments. Several are of fawn *chine* silk, trimmed with double ruches of ribbon around the hem, and have two capes cut up the back, also edged with the ruches. They are lined throughout with thin fancy silk. Others have large capes of guipure and most effective arrangements of ribbon. *Chiffon* parasols, in all colors, with two frills, often accompany the dust cloak, and very lovely they are. A number of the very smartest light cloaks are made of silk novelty brocade, with a full cape of lace on the shoulders.

•

A serge gown is without doubt supremely useful, but only in skilful hands does it become a costume of beauty as well as service. For fashionable out-of-door wear—if such a term may be used—for walking, boating, or climbing, a charming novelty is in navy blue, with plain skirt, save for the Russian passementerie at the hem, about an inch and a half wide, with red, blue and gold stitchings. The jacket is tolerably long, opened with revers, lined with silk, and bordered in the same way, the trimming encircling the waist of the blue silk Russian blouse, with its full all-round basque. This would make a very smart yachting dress.

•

Vicuna always holds its own; it is pleasant to wear, and can be worn for a long time. Its newest form is shot. A brown and green model had a *bouillonne* of velvet shot in the same tones at the hem. This was also carried around the waist and throat, ending in butterfly bows in the middle of the back. The bodice and skirt appeared to be cut in one, and where skirt and bodice would unite, there was a band of passementerie matching the yoke. This could be worn on almost any occasion. A rougher make of this favorite material, combined with a coarse kind of black guipure, is novel and attractive. A lace flounce edged the skirt, and was everywhere headed with gold braid. The dress had the appearance of a long redingote, being *en princesse*, apparently cut up on one side to show an under petticoat with horizontal rows of the gold trimming. Brown tones and reseda are the favorite colors now for tailor-made gowns, and deep plaited basques are well suited to women who have lost their slimness.

•

The selection of trimmings continues to be varied, and most of the new modes of decorating the gowns are charming in the extreme. For example, a dark blue cloth is made with a Russian vest and zouave jacket. This has the yoke bordered, not with the ordinary sequins, but with a fringe of small antique coins. There is a new make of zouave which is so cut up the back that it shows the under bodice between the shoulder blades.

•

One can't be continually generalizing in the matter of fashions. Let me for once try to be precise and instructive. This is a recipe for a most delicious bonnet. Take a jet mould (the shape may be left to the discretion of the wearer) with a slightly tapering crown. Adorn with a bunch of cherries on one side and garnish the edge of the brim with a ruche of black lace. Add velvet strings colored to taste—red would, perhaps, be best, as it would match the fruit.

•

The principal ingredients of all the most *distingue* bonnets just now are jet and lace. Another bonnet, quite as easy to make, consists of four jet stars, arranged (two on each side) on an elongated shape, the center being filled up with soft black lace, finished in front with a little French butterfly bow of the same. The strings are of black velvet, and a paste pin placed above the bow gives an additional charm to the whole. LA MODE.

The Ticket Seller's Parrot.

Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of lightning ticket seller, had a wonderful parrot, says the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, which had been presented to him by one of the canvasmen of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Fernandino, in the Bahamas. Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of ticket-purchasers around the ticket wagon by saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen." "There's plenty of time." "Don't crowd each other." "One at a time, gentlemen," and such like expressions. The parrot, which was perched

upon the safe in the wagon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour, and often broke out in a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day and flew over into a neighboring woods, near the circus grounds.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Poll clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tail feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could, the parrot was shrilly screaming: "One at a time, gentlemen!" "Don't crowd there!" "Take your time!" "There's plenty more left."

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CHAPTER XIX.

Once alone, Bathurst threw himself down among the bushes in an attitude of utter depression.

"Why wasn't I killed with the others!" he groaned. "Why was I not killed when I sat there by her side!"

So he lay for an hour and then slowly rose and looked around. There was a faint light in the sky.

"It will be light in another hour," he said to himself, and he again sat down, but suddenly he started. Had someone spoken or had he fancied it!

"Wait till I come." He seemed to hear the words plainly, just as he had heard Rujub's summons before.

"That's it; it is Rujub. How is it that he can make me hear in this way! I am sure it was his voice. Anyhow, I will wait. It shows he is thinking of me, and I know he will help me. I know I could do nothing by myself."

Bathurst assumed with unquestioning faith that Isobel Hannay was alive. He had no reason for his confidence; that first shot and grape might have killed her as it killed others, but he would not admit the doubt in his mind. Wilson's description of what had happened while he was insensible was one of the grounds of this confidence.

He had heard women scream. Mrs. Hunter and her daughter were the only other women in the boat. Isobel would not have screamed had those muskets been pointed at her, nor did he think the others would have done so. They screamed when they saw the natives about to murder those who were with them. The three women were sitting together, and if one had fallen from the grape shot all would probably have been killed. He felt confident, therefore, that she had escaped; he believed he would have known it had she been killed.

"If I can be influenced by this juggler, surely I should have felt it had Isobel died," he argued, and was satisfied that she was still alive.

What, however, more than anything else was the hope, was the promise of the smoke. "Everything else has come true," he said to himself, "why should not that! Wilson spoke of the doctor as dead. I will not believe it, for if he is dead the picture is false. Why should that thing, of all others, have been shown to me unless it had been true? What seemed impossible to me—that I should be fighting like a brave man—has come true. Why should not this! I should have laughed at such superstition six months ago; now I cling to it as my one ground for hope. Well, I will wait if I have to stay here until to-morrow night."

Noiselessly he moved about in the little wood, going to the edge and looking out, pacing to and fro with quick steps, his face set in a frown, occasionally muttering to himself. He longed to be doing something, even if the doing nothing led to his detention and death. He said to himself that he did not care so that Isobel Hannay did but know that he had died in trying to rescue her.

The sun rose, and he saw the peasants in the fields, and caught the sound of a bugle sounding from the lines at Cawnpore. At last—it him seemed to him—the shadow of the sun had been up only an hour—he saw a figure coming along the river bank. As it approached he told himself that it was the juggler. If so he had laid aside the garments in which he last saw him, and he was now attired as when they first met. When he reached the edge of the river bank and advance straight towards the wood, he had no doubt that it was the man he expected.

"Thanks be to the holy ones that you have escaped, sahib," Rujub said, as soon as he came within speaking distance of Bathurst. "I was in an agony lest I should not find you in thought, and saw the boats approaching the ambuscade. I saw you leap over and swim to shore. I saw you fall and cried out; for a moment I thought you were killed. Then I saw you go on and fall again, and saw your friends carry you in. I watched you recover and come on here, and then I willed that you should wait here till I came for you. I have brought you a disguise, for I did not know that you had one with you. But, first of all, sit down and let me dress your wound afresh. I have brought all that is necessary for it."

"You are a true friend, Rujub. I relied upon you for aid; do you know why I waited here instead of going down with the others!"

"I know, sahib. I can tell your thoughts as easily when you are away from me as I can when we are together."

"Can you do this with all people!"

"No, my lord—to be able to read another's thoughts it is necessary that there should be a mystic relation established between them. As I walked beside your horse when you carried my daughter before you after saving her life, I felt that this relation had commenced, and that henceforward our fates were connected. It was necessary that you should have confidence in me, and it was for that reason that I showed you some of the feats that we rarely exhibit, and proved to you that I possessed powers with which you were unacquainted. And in thought-reading my daughter has greater powers than I have, and it was she who last night followed you on your journey, sitting with her hand in mine, so that my mind followed hers."

"Do you know all that happened last night, Rujub!" Bathurst said, summoning up courage to ask the question that had been on his lips from the first.

"I only know, my lord, that the party was destroyed, save three white women who were brought in just as the sun rose this morning; one was the lady behind whose chair you stood the night I performed at Deennugghur, the lady about whom you are thinking. I do not know the other two; one was getting on in life, the other was a young one."

The relief was so great that Bathurst turned away unable for a while to continue the conversation. When he returned he asked: "Did you see them yourself, Rujub!"

"I saw them, sahib; they were brought in on a gun carriage."

"How did they look, Rujub!"

"The old one looked calm and sad. She did not seem to hear the shouts of the budmashes as they passed along. The lady sat pale but close to her. That one seemed worn out with grief and terror. Your mem-Sahib sat upright; she very pale and her lips were tightened. I saw her that evening, but she held her head high and looked almost scornfully at the men who shook their arms and cursed at her."

"And they put them with the other women that they have taken prisoners!"

Rujub hesitated.

"They have put the other two there, sahib, but her they took to Bithoor."

Bathurst started and an exclamation of horror and rage burst from him.

"To the Rajah!" he exclaimed. "To that scoundrel! Come, let us go. Why are we staying here!"

"We can do nothing for the moment. Before I started I sent off my daughter to Bithoor; she knows many there, and will find out what is being done and bring us word, for I dare not how myself there. The Rajah is furious with me because I did not support the Sepoys and suffered conditions to be made with your people, but now that all has turned out as he wished, I will in a short time present myself before him again, but for the moment it was better that my daughter should go, as I had to come to you. But first, you had better put on the disguise I have brought you. You are too big and strong to pass without notice in that peasant's dress. The one I have brought you is such as is worn by the rough people, the budmashes, of Cawnpore. I can procure others afterwards when we see what had best be done. It will be easy enough to enter Bithoor, for all be confusion there, and men come and go as they choose, but it will be well nigh impossible for you to penetrate where the mem-Sahib will be placed. Even for me, however as I am to all the Rajah's officers, it would be impossible to do so; it is my daughter in whom we shall have to trust."

Bathurst rapidly put on the clothes that Rujub had brought with him, thrust a sword, two daggers, and a brace of long barreled pistols into the sash round his waist.

"Your color is not dark enough, sahib. I have brought dye with me, but first I must dress the wound on your head and bandage it more neatly, so that the swathings will not show below the folds of your turban."

Bathurst submitted himself impatiently to Rujub's hands. The latter cut off all the hair that would show under the turban, dyed the skin the same color as the other parts, and finally, after darkening his eyebrows, eyelashes and mustache, pronounced that he would pass anywhere without attracting attention. Then they started at a quick walk along the river, crossed by the ferry boat to Cawnpore, and made their way to a quiet street in the native town.

"This is my house for the present," Rujub said, producing a key and unlocking a door. He shouted as he closed the door behind him, and an old woman appeared.

"Is the meal prepared!" he asked.

"It is ready," she said.

"That is right. Tell Rhuman to put the pony into the cart."

He then led the way into a comfortably furnished apartment where a meal was laid.

"Eat, my lord," he said; "you need it, and will require your strength."

Bathurst, who during his walk had felt the effects of the loss of blood and anxiety, at once seated himself at the table and ate, at first languidly, but as appetite came, more heartily. He felt still more benefited by a bottle of excellent wine Rujub had placed beside him. The latter returned to the room just as he had finished. He was now dressed in the clothes in which Bathurst last met him at Deennugghur.

"I feel another man, Rujub, and ready for anything."

"The cart is ready," Rujub said. "I have already taken my meal; we do not eat meat, and live entirely on vegetables. Meat clouds the senses, and simple food and little of it is necessary for those who would enter the inner brotherhood.

At the door a small native cart was standing with a pony in the shafts.

"You will go with us, Rhuman," Rujub said, as he and Bathurst took their seats in the cart.

The boy squatted down at Rujub's feet, taking the reins and whip, and the pony started off at a brisk pace. Upon the road Rujub talked of various matters, of the reports of the force that was gathering at Allahabad, and the madness of the British in supposing that two or three thousand men could withstand the force of the Nana.

"Should he be eaten up," he said; "the troops will go out to meet them; they will never arrive within sight of Cawnpore."

As Bathurst saw that he was talking for the boy to hear rather than to himself, he agreed loudly with all that he said, and boasted that even without the Nana's troops and the Sepoys the people of Cawnpore could cut the English dogs to pieces.

The drive was not a long one and the road was full of parties going to or returning from Bithoor—groups of Sepoy officers, parties of budmashes from Cawnpore, mounted messengers, land owners with their retainers, and bullock carts. Arriving within a quarter of a mile of the palace, Rujub ordered the boy to draw aside.

"Take the horse down that road," he said, "and wait there until we return. We may be some time; if we are not back by the time the sun sets, you will return home."

As they approached the palace Bathurst scanned every window, as if he hoped to see Isobel's face at one of them. Entering the garden they avoided the terrace in front of the house, and sauntering through the groups of people, who had gathered discussing the latest news, they took their seat in a secluded corner.

Bathurst thought of the last time he had been there, when there had been a *zete* given by the Rajah to the residents of Cawnpore, and contrasted the present with the past. Then the gardens were lighted up, and a crowd of officers and civilians with ladies in white strolled about and strolled down the terrace to the sound of gay music, while their host moved about among them courteous, pleasant and smiling. Now the greater portion of the men were dead, the women were prisoners in the hands of the native who had professed such friendship for them.

"Are they alive, Rujub," he said presently, "more about this force at Allahabad. What is its strength likely to be!"

"They say there is one British regiment of the Line, one of the plumed regiments with bare legs, and one of the white Madras regiments; they have a few guns, a very few horsemen, that is all, while there are twenty thousand troops here. How can they hope to win!"

"You will see they will win," Bathurst said sternly. "They have often fought well, but they will fight now as they never fought before; every man will feel himself an avenger of the foul treachery and foul massacres that have been committed. Were it but one regiment that is coming up instead of three, I would back it against the bloodstained wretches."

"They are fighting for freedom," Rujub said.

"They are fighting for nothing of the sort," Bathurst replied hotly. "They are fighting for what they know not what—change of masters, licenses to plunder, and because they are ignorant and have been led away. I doubt not that at present, confidence as they may be of victory, most of them in their hearts regret what they have done. They have forfeited their pensions, they have thrown away the benefits of their years of service. They have been faithless to their salt and false to their oaths. It is true that they know they are fighting with ropes round their necks, but even that won't avail against the fury of our troops. I feel as certain, Rujub, that in spite of the odds against them the English will triumph as I saw their flag triumph marching into the town. I don't profess to see the future, as you do, but I know enough to tell me that ere long that palace you can see through the trees will be leveled to the ground, that it is as assuredly doomed as if fire had already been applied to its gilded beams."

Rujub added, "I know the palace is doomed; while I have looked at it it has seemed hidden by a cloud of smoke, but I did not think it was the work of the British; I thought of an accident."

"The Rajah may fire it with his own hands," Bathurst said, "but if he does not it will be done for him."

"I have not told you yet, sahib," Rujub said, changing the subject, "how it was that I could neither prevent the attack on the boats nor warn you that it was coming. I knew at Deennugghur that news had been sent of the surrender to the Nana. I remained till I knew you were safely in the boats, and then rode to Cawnpore. My daughter was at the house when I arrived, and told me that the Nana was furious with me, and that it would not be safe for me to go near the palace. Thus, although I feared that an attack was intended, I thought that it would not be until the boats passed the town. It was late before I learnt that a battery of artillery and some infantry had set out that afternoon. Then I tried to warn you, but I felt that I failed. You were not in a mood when my mind could communicate itself to yours."

"I felt very uneasy and restless," Bathurst said, "but I had not the same feeling when you were speaking to me that I had that night at Deennugghur; but even had I known of the danger, there would have been no avoiding it. Had we landed, we must have been taken then, and it would have come to the same thing. Tell me, Rujub, had you any idea when I saw you at Deennugghur that if we were taken prisoners Miss Hannay was to be brought here instead of being placed with the other ladies!"

"Yes, I knew it, sahib; the order he gave to the Sepoys were that every man was to be killed and that the women and children were to be taken to Cawnpore, except Miss Hannay, who was to be carried here at once. The Rajah had noticed her more than once when she was at Cawnpore, and had made up his mind that she should be his Zenana."

"Why did you not tell me when you were at Deennugghur!"

"What would that have been the use, sahib! I hoped to save you all; besides, it was not until we saw her taken past this morning that we knew that Miss Hannay who was to be taken to Bithoor was the lady whom my daughter, when she saw her with you that night, said at once that you loved. But had we known it, what good would it have done to have told you of the Rajah's orders! You could not have done more than you have done. But now we know, we will aid you to save her."

"How long will your daughter be before she comes! It is horrible waiting here."

"You must have patience, sahib. It will be no easy work to get the lady away. There will be guards and women to look after her. A lady is not to be stolen out of a Zenana as a young bird is taken from its nest."

"It is all very well to say 'be patient,'" Bathurst said, getting up and walking up and down with quick, angry strides. "It is maddening to sit here doing nothing. If it were not for Rujub's bad confidence in your power and will to aid me, I would go into the palace and stab Nana Sahib to the heart, though I were cut to pieces for it the moment after wards."

"That would do no good to the lady, sahib," Rujub said calmly. "She would only be left without a friend, and his death might be the signal for the murder of every white prisoner. Ah, here comes my daughter."

Rabda came up quickly and stopped before Bathurst with her head bent, and her arms crossed in an attitude of humility. She was dressed in the attire worn by the principal servants in attendance upon the Zenana of a Hindoo prince.

"Well, what news, Rabda?" Bathurst asked eagerly.

"The light of my lord's heart is sick. She bore up till she arrived here, and was handed over to the women. Then her strength failed her and she fainted. She recovered, but she is lying weak and exhausted with all that she has gone through and suffered."

"Where is she now?"

"She is in the Zenana, looking out into the women's court, that no men are ever allowed to enter."

"Has the Rajah seen her!"

"No, sahib. He was told the state she was in, and the chief lady of the Zenana sent him word that for the present she needed only food and rest, but that in two or three days she might be fit to see him."

"That is something," Bathurst said thankfully. "Now we shall have time to think of some scheme for getting her out."

"You have been in the Zenana yourself, Rabda!" Rujub asked.

"Yes father; the mistress of the Zenana saw me directly an attendant told her I was there. She has always been kind to me, and said that you were going on a journey, and asked her if I might stay with her and act as an attendant until you returned, and she at once assented. She asked if I should see you before you left, and when I said yes she asked if you could not give her some spell that would turn the Rajah's thoughts away from my girl. She fears that if she should become first favorite in the Zenana she might take things in her hands as English women do, and do all sorts of changes. I told her that doubtless the English girl would do this, and that I thought she was wise to ask your assistance."

"Yes, yes, sahib, Rabda," her father said angrily. "What have I to do with spells and love philters!"

"No, father, I knew well enough you would not believe in such things, but I thought in this way I might see the lady and communicate with her."

"A very good idea, Rabda," Bathurst said. "Is there nothing you can do, Rujub, to make her odious to the Nana!"

"Nothing, sahib. I could act upon some people's minds and make them think that the young lady was afflicted by some loathsome disease, but not with the Nana. I have many times tried to influence him, but without success; his mind is too deep for mine to master, and leaves us there no sympathy. Could I be present with him and the girl I might do something, that is if the powers that aid me would act against him; but this I do not think."

"Rujub," Bathurst said suddenly, "there must have been medical stores taken when the camp was captured, drugs and things of that sort. Can you find out who has become possessed of them!"

"I might find out, sahib. Doubtless the men who looted the camp will have sold the drugs to the native shops, for English drugs are highly prized. Are there drugs that act as the means of the Zenana to which I go?"

"No; but there are drugs that applied externally would give the appearance of a terrible disease. There are acids which would burn and blister the skin, and turn a beautiful face into a dreadful mask."

"But would it recover, sahib!"

"The effect might last for a long time, even for life, if too much were used, but I am sure Miss Hannay would not hesitate for a moment."

"But you, sahib—would you risk her being disfigured!"

"What does it matter to me!" Bathurst asked sternly. "Do you think love is skin deep, and that 'tis only for a fair complexion that we should pour wives! Find out the drugs, and let Rabda take them into her with a line from me. One of them you can certainly get, for it is used, I believe, by gold and silversmiths. It is nitric acid; the other is caustic potash, or, as it is sometimes labeled, lunar caustic. It is in little sticks, but if you find out what drugs are in the other shops and sources of medicines, I will go with you and pick them out."

"There will be no difficulty about finding out where the English drugs are. They are certain to be at one of the shops where the native doctors buy their medicines."

"Let us go at once then," Bathurst said. "You can prepare some harmless drink, and Rabda will tell the mistress of the Zenana it will bring out a disfiguring eruption. You can be back here again this evening. Will you be here, Rabda, at sunset, and wait until we come? You can tell the woman that you have seen your father and that he will supply her with what she requires. Make some excuse if you can to see the prisoner. Say you are curious to see the white woman who has bewitched the Nana, and if you get the opportunity whisper in her ear these words, 'Do not despair, friends are working for you.'"

Rabda repeated the English words several times over, until she had them perfect; then she made her way back to the palace, while Bathurst and his companion proceeded at once to the spot where they had left their vehicle.

They had but little difficulty in finding what they required. Many of the shops displayed garments, weapons, jewelry and other things, the plunder of the entrenchments of Cawnpore. In one of the native shops where drugs were sold, and finally one of the traders said: "I have a large black box full of drugs which I bought from a native a year ago, but now that I have got it I do not know what to do with it. Some of the bottles doubtless contain poisons. I will sell it you for two rupees, but not for the value of the box, which, as you see, is very strong and bound with iron. The contents I place no price upon."

"I will take it," Rujub said.

"I know some of the English medicines and may find a use for them."

He paid the money, called in a coolie and bade him take up the chest and follow him, and they were soon at the house in the quiet street.

The box, which was a hospital medical chest, was filled with drugs of all kinds. Bathurst put a stick of caustic into a small phial and half-filled one with a glass stopper with nitric acid, filling it up with water, and tried the effect of rubbing a few drops on his arm.

"That is strong enough for anything," he said with a slight exclamation at the sharp pain. "And now give me a piece of paper and pen and ink." Then sitting down he wrote:

"MY DEAR MISS HANNAY.—Rujub, the juggler, and I will do what we can to rescue you. We are powerless to effect anything as long as you remain where you are. The bearer, Rujub's daughter, will give you the bottles, one containing lunar caustic, the other nitric acid. The mistress of the Zenana, who wants to get rid of you, as she fears you might obtain influence over the Nana, has asked the girl to obtain from her father a philter which will make you odious to him. The large bottle is perfectly harmless, and you can drink its contents without fear. The caustic is for applying to your face. It will be painful, but I am sure you will not mind that, and the injury will be only of a temporary nature. I cannot promise as yet that the nitric acid; pour apply it very carefully, merely moistening the glass stopper and applying it with that. I should use it principally round the lips. It will burn and blister the skin. The Nana will be told that you have a fever which is causing a terrible and disfiguring eruption. I should apply it also to the neck and hands. Pray be very careful with the stuff; for, besides the application being exceedingly painful, the scars may possibly remain permanently. Keep the two small bottles carefully hidden in order to renew the application if absolutely necessary. At any rate, this will give us all time, and from what I hear our troops are likely to be here in another ten days' time. You will be, I know, glad to hear that Wilson has also escaped."

Yours,

R. BATHURST.

A large bottle was now made up with elder flower-water, and they drove back to Bithoor, which they reached before sunset. Rabda was punctual to her appointment.

"I have seen her," she said, "and have given her the message. I could see that she understood it, but as there were other women round she made no sign. I told the mistress of the Zenana that you had given me some magic words that I was to whisper to her to prepare the way for the philter, so she let me in without difficulty, and I was allowed to go close up to her and whisper to her. I put my hands on her before I did so, and I think she felt that it was the touch of a friend. She flushed up when I spoke to her, but fearless, who was standing close by, thought that this was a sign of the power of the words I had spoken to her. I did not stay more than a minute, for I was afraid she might try to speak to me in your tongue, and that would have been dangerous."

"There are the bottles," Bathurst said. "This large one is for her to take, the other two and this note are to be given to her separately. You had better tell the woman that the philter must be given by your own hands, and that you must then watch alone by her side for half an hour, and that after you leave her she will presently go off to sleep and must then be left absolutely alone till daylight to-morrow, and that it will then be found that the philter has acted. Then she must tell the Nana that the lady is in a high fever and has been seized with some terrible disease that has altogether disfigured her and that he can see for himself the state she is in."

Rabda's whisper had given new life and hope to Isobel Hannay. Previous to that her fate had seemed to her to be sealed, and she had only prayed for death; the long strain of the siege had told upon her; the scene in the boat seemed a species of horrible nightmare, terminating in a number of Sepoys leaping on board the boat as it touched the bank and bayonetting her uncle and all on board except herself, Mrs. Hunter and her daughter, who were seized and carried ashore. Then followed a night of dull, despairing pain, while she and her companions crouched together, with two Sepoys standing guard over them, while the others, after lighting fires, talked and laughed long into the night over the success of their attack.

At daybreak they had been placed upon a limber and driven into Cawnpore. Her spirit had risen at imprecations by the roughs of the town, and she had borne up bravely till upon their arrival at the entrance to what she supposed was the prison, she was roughly dragged from the limber, placed in a close carriage and driven off. In her despair she had endeavored to open the door in order to throw herself under the wheels, but a soldier stood on such step and prevented her from doing so.

Outside of the town she soon saw that she was on the road to Bithoor, and the fate for which she was reserved flashed upon her. She remembered now the oily compliments of Nana Sahib, and the unpleasant thrill she had felt when his eyes were fixed upon her, and had she possessed a weapon of any kind she would have put an end to her life. But her pistol had been taken from her when she landed, and in helpless despair she crouched in a corner of the carriage until they reached Bithoor.

As soon as the carriage stopped a cloth was thrown over her head. She was lifted out and carried into the palace, through long passages and up stairs, then those who carried her set her on her feet and retired. Other hands took her and led her forward, till the cloth was taken off her head, and she found herself surrounded by women, who regarded her with glances of mixed curiosity and hostility. Then everything seemed to swim round, and for the first time in her life she fainted.

When she recovered consciousness all strength seemed to have left her, and she lay in a sort of apathy for hours, taking listlessly the drink that was offered to her, but paying no attention to what was passing around, until there was a gentle pressure on her arm, the

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grasp tightening with a slight caressing motion that seemed to show sympathy; then came the English words softly whispered into her ear, while the hand again pressed her arm firmly, as if in warning.

It was with difficulty that she refrained from uttering an exclamation, and she felt the blood crimson her cheeks, but she maintained her composure and lay perfectly quiet, glancing up into the face bent down close to hers. It was not familiar to her, and yet it seemed to her that she had seen it somewhere; another minute and it was gone.

But though to all appearances Isobel's attitude was unchanged, her mind was active now. Who could have sent this message? Who could the native girl be who had spoken in English to her? Where had she seen the face?

Her thoughts travelled backward and it ran over in her mind all those with whom she had come in contact since her arrival in India; her servants and those of her acquaintances passed before her eyes. She had scarcely spoken to another native woman since she had landed. After thinking over all she had known in Cawnpore, she thought of Deennuggbur; whom had she met there?

Suddenly came the remembrance of the exhibition by the juggler, and she recalled the face and figure of his daughter, as, seated upon the growing pole she had gone up foot by foot by the light of the lamps and up into the darkness above. The mystery was solved; that was the face that had just leaned over her.

But how could she be interested in her fate? Then she remembered that this was the girl whom Bathurst had saved from the tiger. If they were interested in her, it must be through Bathurst. Could he too have survived the attack of the night before? She had thought of him, as of all of them, as dead, but possibly he might have escaped. She remembered that what she had not recalled before, that he had been sitting beside her when that terrible fire opened, and she had a vague idea that he had leapt overboard. She had no after remembrance of him; perhaps he had swam to shore and got off in safety. In that case he must be lingering in Cawnpore, ignorant of what had become of her, and was trying to rescue her. It was to the juggler he would naturally have come to obtain assistance. He was risking his life now to save hers, and this was the man whom she despised as a coward.

But what could he do? At Bithoor, in the power of this treacherous Rajah, secure in the Zenana, where no man save its master ever penetrated, how could he possibly help her? Yet the thought that he was trying to do so was a happy one, and the tears that flowed between her closed lids were not painful ones. The wish Bathurst had expressed that of her escape from the boat did not even occur to her. To have remained in the boat would have been certain death, while he could have been of no assistance to her or anyone else. That he should escape, then, if he could, seemed to her a perfectly natural action; she hoped that some of the others had done the same, and that Bathurst was not working alone.

It did not seem to her that there could be any possibility of the scheme for her rescue succeeding. As to that she felt no more hopeful than before, but it seemed to take away the sense of utter loneliness that she felt, that someone should be interesting himself in her fate. Perhaps there would be more than a mere verbal message next time. How long would it be before she heard again? How long a respite had she before that wretch came to see her? Doubtless he had heard that she was ill. She would remain so. She would starve herself. Her weakness seemed to her her best protection.

As she lay apparently helpless upon the couch she watched the women move about the room. The girl who had spoken to her was not among them. The woman were not unkind. They brought her cooling drinks and tried to tempt her to eat something; but she shook her head as if utterly unable to do so, and after a time feigned to sleep.

Darkness came on gradually. Some lamps were lighted in the room. Not for a moment had she been left alone since she was brought in—never less than two females remaining with her.

Presently the woman who was evidently the chief of the establishment, came in accompanied by a girl, whom Isobel recognized at once as the juggler's daughter. The latter brought with her a tray on which were some cakes and a silver goblet. These she set down on an oak table by the couch. The girl then handed her the goblet, which, keeping up the appearance of extreme feebleness, she took languidly. She placed it to her lips, but at once took it away. It was not cool and refreshing like those she had tasted before. It had but little flavor, but had a faint odor, which struck her as not unfamiliar. It was a drug of some sort they wished her to drink.

She looked up in the girl's face. Rabda made a reassuring gesture, and said in a low whisper, as she bent forward, "Bathurst, Sahib."

This was sufficient; whatever it was it would do her no harm, and she raised the cup to her lips and emptied it. Then the elder woman said something to the other two and they all left the room together, leaving her alone with Rabda.

The latter went to the door quietly and drew the hangings across it, then she returned to the couch, and from the folds of her dress produced two phials and a tiny note. Then, noiselessly, she placed a lamp on the table, and withdrew to a short distance while Isobel opened and read the note.

Twice she read it through, and then, laying it down, burst into tears of relief. Rabda came and knelt down beside the couch, and taking one of her hands pressed it to her lips. Isobel threw her arms round the girl's neck, drew her close to her and kissed her warmly.

Rabda then drew a piece of paper and a pencil from her dress and handed them to her. She wrote, "Thanks a thousand times, dear friend; I will follow your instructions. Please send me if you can some quick and deadly poison, that I may take in the last extremity. Do not fear that I will flinch from applying the things you have sent me. I would not hesitate to swallow them were there no other hope of escape. I rejoice so much to know that you have escaped from that terrible attack last night. Did any others get away? Do you know if they murdered my uncle and all the others in the boat, except Mrs. Hunter and Mary? Pray do not run any risks to try and rescue me. I think that I am safe now, and will make myself so hideous that if the wretch once sees me he will never want to see me again. As to death, I have no fear either. If you do not meet again God bless you. Yours most gratefully, ISOBEL."

Rabda concealed the note in her garment and then motioned to Isobel that she should close her eyes and pretend to be asleep. Then she gently drew back the curtains and seated herself at a distance from the couch.

Half an hour later the mistress of the Zenana came in. Rabda rose and put her finger to her lips and left the room, accompanied by the woman.

"She is asleep," she said; "do not be afraid, the potion will do its work. I have her safe enough. When she wakes in the morning she will be wild with fever, and you need have no fear that the Rajah will seek to make her the queen of his Zenana."

(To be Continued.)

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A Manager Out-Managed.

(Translated from the German for Saturday Night by Miss Myra Jane Morton and George Linton.)

Baldwin XV., the mighty ruler of a now dying out Duodec principality, sat one evening in the box of his royal theater when a ballet was being performed.

A unhappy dancer, in a cardinal costume, skipped across the stage waltzing, and occasionally looking up to his majesty's box bowing. This was her peril, as the king was in a very bad humor, partly her gaudy dress was too much for his majesty's petulance; also her too ethereal figure annoyed him. This was a favorable occasion for free himself of his humor. The stage manager, Monsieur De la Natte, was called. In a few seconds a little dried-up gentleman appeared, a Frenchman by birth. He obtained his position through the queen, as she was very partial to Frenchmen; while the king on account of his hard German and his well known animosity could not bear him. If his majesty called De la Natte he was sure to hear reproof.

"Majesty commands!" squealed the stage manager.

"H rr," grumbled the king, without looking up. "I am annoying myself this whole evening."

"*Mais pourquoi donc?*" asked De la Natte frightened.

"Why!" replied the king angrily. "Because it provokes me to see such a poor ballet presented."

"*Parbleu!*" nearly interposed De la Natte, but luckily he withheld and contented himself to make a very humble appearance.

"Yes," continued the king, pointing to the stage, "just look at those figures; don't they look half starved? It hurts one's eyes to see such angular shamrees! De la Natte looked towards the stage just as the first dancer, Mme. Perrina, was crossing, who it seemed was the rescuing angel to the stage manager, because she could have almost been compared with a rubber ball.

"Pardon, your majesty," interrupted the stage manager, "but my opinion is that Mme. Perrina is not angular."

The king leaned back on his chair, looking disdainfully down where Mme. Perrina stood. "And this you call a good figure?"

"*Bon, bon,*" replied De la Natte hastily, "not good, fairs but not angular."

"Ah," said the king, provoked. "I don't want skeletons nor rubber balls at my theater, I want good figures. Within a week I want new dancers for the new dance, but remember, good figures.

With these words Baldwin XV. motioned the stage manager to retire, which he did with a deep courtesy.

What was to be done? It was impossible to have a new set all trained into the new dance within a week, and to make the old ones had been practicing already a month—miracles he could not perform, as he was only a man, but how to satisfy his master was more than only a mere question for De la Natte; his whole position depended on it.

Suddenly a thought struck him, up he jumped and went straight to the dressing-room. The curtain fell and the dancers were preparing to leave; he called them and they gathered around him expectant.

"Mesdames, Son Altesse is very disappointed with you; he says your figures were not good, and that you look as if you had been on half all thin, *comme une skelaton*, you are offensive to the eyes of his majesty.

"What! I a skeleton!" Mme. Perrina asked angrily.

"*Oui, Oui!*" assented the manager, "you are the skeleton of which Son Altesse spoke. This must absolutely change, you must have good figures within a week."

"Oh!" they all cried.

"*Pourquoi!*" they continued De la Natte. "I can't help it, your appearance is too miserable, therefore must I *corriger la nature*, and I shall give each of you a dollar to buy a pair of wattins."

A cry of anger was the response.

"What! a dollar for a pair of wattins! Where shall we get them for that price! Why, they cost two dollars all over."

"Do as you like," the manager said, raising his shoulders. "The king will only give one dollar; if you need two, *eh bien*, you can sacrifice the other for the art."

With these words he disappeared. He had hardly gone ere the storm broke out. Such infamy—miser—old fool. The rubber ball was the most annoyed of all others.

"I shall look miserable—when this insult," cried Mme. Perrina. "I have, thank goodness, no need of wattins."

"I shall look miserable—when the officers couldn't take opera glasses off me," broke in a second.

"A dollar for a pair of wattins—infamous miser, this has lost the bloom."

"Silence, ladies! Kindly let me have a word to say," said Mme. Perrina.

"We cannot have the stain upon us. This contemptible Frenchman called us skeletons. This must be revenged. We must play a trick on Monsieur De la Natte. To-morrow morning after practice come to my apartments and I'll inform you of a plan which I am sure will be satisfactory to you."

A week after, Baldwin XV. was again seated in his box, but in a very improved humor. This time his round face sparkled in the sunlight and showed his inner satisfaction. In the background the manager stood anxiously waiting. The king turned round and asked the manager kindly:

"Well, are you satisfied with your new ballet?"

"*Parfaitement*," replied De la Natte proudly; "all new, elegant and classical figures."

"I shall be very glad. How did you manage to get them so quickly!"

"They are all of the best models—*de Berlin et de Vienne*" the stage manager replied.

The king only heard half what he said, as the overture had begun, the curtain was raised amid rapturous "ah!" was heard from the audience.

The scene presented was indeed worthy of praise—about thirty persons in the most beautiful and charming costumes were united into a pretty group.

Suddenly, as if by lightning, the admiring expression changed into a shaking of heads, and at last all started to laugh convulsively.

The king, astonished at the excitement, looked toward the stage to see the cause; then, with a frown, jumped off the chair, threw a disdainful look at the manager and left the room.

The Frenchman did not know what had happened, or why the audience laughed so ludicrously; something terrible had occurred on the stage, no doubt, and he was short-sighted, therefore did not notice. He took an opera glass which the king in his excitement had forgotten. Oh, what a scene was before him.

"*Les infamnes, les infamnes!*" was all he could cry. He was in fact a terrible sight. The dancers had the new wattins on, but only one each, which looked as if they had the gout on one side.

De la Natte ordered the curtain to be dropped instantly; then he turned his angry face to the ladies, who looked at him as innocently as children.

"Ah, mesdames, I shall never forget what you have done to me. You have deprived me of my reputation and the grace of my sovereign."

"Oh!" the ladies all exclaimed, and even the rubber ball tried to squeeze an imaginary tear out of their left corner of her eye, which only aided to enrage the poor victim the more.

"Mme. Perrina, you are the origin of this infamous trick!" cried monsieur.

"But, Mons. De la Natte," the lady answered with an almost martyr's expression on her face, "why, it's just the reverse. We wanted to surprise you with our wattins, but as you only gave us a dollar we could buy but a half pair until the budget gives us the other half."

A short time after he resigned on account of ill-health, of course.

You now and then meet folks who have all kinds of sense except common sense.

The Demand of the Age.

Someone asked a politician why he took a certain absurd position. His answer was: "Oh, you must keep up with the procession." A young student was enquired of concerning an escapade in which he took a disgraceful part, and excused himself by saying: "Oh, the fellows started it and I had to keep up with the procession." A minister in Connecticut astonished his congregation by delivering a loosely constructed discourse abounding in sceptical questions and intimations. The senior deacon of the church demanded of him why he did it, when he answered: "You must keep up with the procession or you will be left behind."

It depends on which way the procession is headed, and of what spirit it is. Every absurdity that was ever borne in upon a church or a state derived its impetus from an effort to keep up with the procession. Those who go through the wide gate and travel the broad road that leadeth to destruction, keep up with the procession, while

"Wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

The demand of this age is for men of sense and integrity, who will enquire what the procession is, who formed it, where it is going, before joining it, and if they find it travelling in the wrong direction will stand in the path and cry out against it, pointing to the road and saying: "This is the way: walk ye in it.

She Took Pride in Him.

It was a good many minutes after midnight when Mr. Snaggs reached home, and after a good deal of experimenting with the keyhole and the latch-key he finally let himself in.

He went upstairs as stealthily as he could, but of course they creaked, and when he reached the second floor his wife was wide awake.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"I little wish you had twelve by my watch, my dear, but I think it's four."

"Something like its owner," Mrs. Snaggs commented, in a frigid voice.

Mr. Snaggs made no reply.

"Where were you to-night!" she demanded.

"My dear," responded Snaggs, in injured tones, "you don't mistrust your own husband, I hope!"

"Not at all. I merely had some curiosity to know what fresh excuse you had concocted, that's all.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

So Mote It Be.

Mr. Jones had just taken a high degree in a secret society to which he belongs, and which carries on its meetings in the still hours of the late night and early morning. It was 3 a.m. when he reached home and found Mrs. Jones, contrary to custom, sound asleep.

"Wake up, Mary, Mary," he shouted, brandishing a new sword which had been added to his regalia; "wake up and congratu'ate me. I am now a Prince of Jerusalem!"

Mrs. Jones sat up and looked at her husband by the waning light of a three o'clock moon and the night-lamp.

"Agatha," she said, in a voice that chilled him like a Manitoba wave in January, "when a man comes home at this hour of the morning and says he is a Prince of Jerusalem, there is something the matter with him, and he should be treated accordingly."

And he was.

That Hungry Boy.

A small Detroit boy who has a peculiar appetite can never hear anything in his Sunday school Bible lesson about food without getting ravenously hungry. On these occasions he asked to be excused so he could go home and get something to eat. His teacher became tired of the interruption, and on the occasion last Sunday, while reading about Elijah and the ravens, took a new method of appeasing his pupil.

"Please may I go home and get something to eat?" asked the lad.

"My young Elijah, I will be your raven," said the bland teacher, and he abstracted from his pocket a good-sized sandwich for the hungry boy.

But this time he had reckoned without his host, for one of the boys in the class spoke up such a cry of "no fair," "we're hungry too, that it brought the superintendent on the scene, who was highly amused at the novel illustration of the Sunday school text.

His Plot.

"George, dear," said the young wife as her husband was about to kiss her before going down town, "the dressmaker is coming to-day, and she will probably be here to dinner this evening."

"Then, darling," said the young husband, the cloud of disappointment shining in his deep blue eyes, "have some of that huckleberry pudding that your mother taught you to make. Make it with your own hands, dear, for," he went on, with a strange glitter in his eyes, "I want to make a dead sure thing of it."

That Little Word.

The Chicago Girl—Plague take this Eastern culture!

Her Boston Aunt—What is the matter, my dear?

The Chicago Girl—I've really become interested in Browning. I think he's trying to transcendentalism without any trouble; I'm getting used to eye-glasses, and I dote on digality; but I can't get over saying "Rats!" instead of merely elevating my eye-bro ws.

Rather Quiet.

"I asked Mr. Rathbone what he was doing and he simply said it was very quiet work. Do you know what it is?"

"Why, yes. He's keeping books for a cemetery company."

Contrast.

A wild late supper with the boys!
My wife waits up, I fear;
And then I come "from grave to gay,
From lively to severe."

Made Too Much at Home.

A near-sighted lady who lives on Sixteenth street, across the Platte, went to an intelligence office for a girl, and was expecting her all the morning. It was raining a little, and the woman who lived next door threw on an old hat and shawl, and came over to borrow a tea-cupful of lard. She knocked at the side door, and was greeted with:

"Go right up the stairway to your room over the kitchen. When you are tidied up a little come down here, and I'll talk to you."

The women are deadly enemies now.

The Matter of Bait.

The pastor was calling at the house of Brother Billings and the small boy was entertaining him until the parents came down.

"Do you ever go fishin?" inquired the youngster, who had inherited his father's fondness for the sport.

"I am a fisher of men," he responded.

"You carry your bait in a jug, like papa does?" was the next question, and just at that moment Brother Billings appeared with a complete smile of innocence lighting up his genial countenance.

A Better Chance.

"Biggsby's a great deal more of a cad than Baggsby."

"Yes. He has a great deal more money, you know."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alterative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

For Scrofula
Catarrh
Rheumatism
Debility

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists

Has cured others, will cure you

Large Trees.

All the large trees of the forest are not a growth of this newer country, though the British Columbia toothpicks and the big trees of the Pacific coast may be expected to possess an unquestioned lead. An English contemporary tells us of some large trees in that country: "On the top of Shalford Hill, in Surrey, stands the Hascombe Beech, bearing upon its outside of its stem a board setting forth that it was a sweetheart tree in 1772. At Norbury Park is a beech 160 feet high. At Crowhurst, in Sussex, is a venerable yew tree, 30 feet in girth, and supposed to be more than a thousand years old. At Norbury there is a Druids' Grove of yews that might from their appearance be of any age that fancy dictated; they are affectionately spoken of by their proper names, The Patriarch, Giant, The King of the Park and The Horse and its Rider. It is the oak family, however, that has produced the most eminent individuals; but it cannot be forgotten that if all the toys and ornamental specimens of cabinet work said to have been manufactured out of the Herne Oak really formed a portion of that Shakespearean tree, it must have possessed a fabulous quantity of solid timber. Panshanger, Hertfordshire, figured even in the last century as the home of the Great Oak, containing a thousand feet of sound timber, and maintained by all good judges to be a model of oak-like form."

A Bad Break.

A doctor, who was treating one of his patients for a simple but tedious disorder, found the man in such an irritable condition that he began to chide him up. Ballin words fell on deaf ears, for the man had been housed up so long that he was firmly convinced that his time had come.

"Tut, tut," said the doctor. "I'll have you round again in a few days, if you'll keep quiet and take the medicine. Why, man, I suffer from the same complaint at your age myself."

There was a look of compassion in the patient's eyes as he reached out the bottle and said:

"In that case, doctor, do take some of this medicine you prescribed for me."

The man had grown almost hopeful under the influence of the doctor's reassuring words, but his hopes were cruelly dashed the next moment as the medical man drew back from the bottle with a shudder and replied: "No, thanks."

Summer Constancy.

"I hear you are going to marry Jack Brinckerly."

"Why, no; who told you that? I'm only engaged to the man!"

Her Idea of It.

Maudie's papa is night editor on a newspaper—a fact which Maudie apparently hadn't learned; for when some one asked her a few days ago what her father did for a living, she replied: "I div it up. I dess he's a burglar, 'cause he's out all night."

A Pointer.

Little Girl—I love cats; don't you?
Vinegary Old Maid—No; I hate cats.
"Why?"
"Because they scratch."
"That's because you stroke them the wrong way. You has to treat cats different from folks."

Hornford's Acid Phosphate.

RELIEVES THE FEELING OF LASSITUDE so common in mid-summer, and imparts vitality.

Don't Work Both Ways.

You've noticed when you're going out
Your wife must chance her gown:
And though she says she'll hurry up,
She never hurries down.

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash Railway Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip, from points on and August 19 to 22, good to return up to September 15. The Wabash is the banner route to Kansas City and the only line that takes the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return them via Chicago, or *vice versa*. Finest equipped trains on earth, running through six states of Union. For further particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

The High Cost of Bicycles.

The question why the high grade bicycle costs so much—a man beyond the means of the ordinary wage-earner—is often asked. The *Iron Age* gives some interesting information in answer. In the first place, the bicycle must be made on the interchangeable principle, so that a missing or broken part can be supplied by the factory at once. All of such parts undergo a rigid system of inspection, being submitted to the severe strains which they must stand while the machine is in use. Main parts like the sprocket wheel, hubs, etc., are gauged, the allowance for variation being one quarter of a thousandth. A variation in excess of this throws the piece out. The method of stringing the wheel is thus described: The outer ends of the spokes are threaded in order to enter the hardened brass nipples, the cap of which is formed on the outer side of the rim. The boy who strings the wheel up merely tightens the nipples sufficiently to hold the parts together. After this the wheel goes to an expert workman, who tightens the spokes, bringing them all under the desired tension. The wheel is then mounted on an axle and turned, a piece of chalk held near the rim serving to indicate any irregularity. To correct such defects and make the wheel perfectly true, the nipples are tightened or loosened. This is a simple matter, and yet one requiring great judgment.

The brazing of the joints and the making of the fellos or irons to receive the rubber tires also operations requiring the greatest precision and delicacy of handling. In short, there is no part of the modern bicycle that can be turned out without the minutest attention to detail. The day has not come when it can be made factory fashion.

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever travelled in a Pullman sleeper will appreciate their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with mirror, ladies' toilet-room with double wash-room, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By travelling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

A Boomerang.

Young Van der Million—Wouldn't it be rare fun for us to become engaged just for the sum mer, you know?

She—Just the thing! I never did believe in long engagements.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and trimmings. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

His Mission.

"Look yere!" demanded the city Marshal o Boomopolis, Oklahoma, bursting into a room where several prominent citizens were congregated, "what's the cause of this rumpus? Whatever are you doin' with that tourist? A tourist in question was stretched on his face on the floor with four prominent citizens holding him down, one seated on each corner.

"Makin' him useful as well as ornamental," was the reply. "Playin' checkers on his pants. It's your move, Hammersley."

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

Sleepy.

It's a man is drowsy in the day time after good nights sleep, there's indigestion and stomach disorder.

BEECHAM'S PILLS by removing the waste matter which is clogging the stomach, restore a healthy and Nervous Disorders, and will quickly relieve Sick Headache.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Notes on Art and Drama.

Miss Campbell L. Stotesbury, whose portrait is given in this issue, is a young Toronto lady whose successful musical studies in Leipsic, Germany, have attracted considerable attention. After four years' study in Germany, she leaves this month for Milan, Italy, to further perfect herself in the art of singing by a term of additional study under the best Italian masters. She is a daughter of Mr. C. R. Stotesbury of St. Vincent street, Toronto, and granddaughter of the late Alderman Stotesbury. A few weeks ago Miss Stotesbury was prevailed upon to give a matinee before the first musical people of Leipsic and it was a pronounced success, being so declared by the severest critics. Such an impression did the fair Canadian make that she next day received a complimentary private message from F. Phohl, critic to the *Royal Leipsiger-Zeitung* and the *Leipsiger Tageblatt*. The note, translated, was as follows:

"It afforded me great pleasure in attending your matinee. Your highly artistic rendition of the very difficult variations from Proch Op. 210 was executed in a most brilliant and excellent manner. Also your dramatic delivery of La Traviata was a wonder, showing your great range and volume of tone. Your colorature has attained the pitch of perfection—clear and pure. Your highest tones are taken with such marvelous strength and sweetness! I most sincerely hope the public will soon again have the pleasure of hearing your excellent talent.

"Yours very sincerely,
"F. PHOHL."

This is quite a piece of praise, and is but a sample of what the papers had to say of the matinee. It is always a source of pleasure to record the successes of Canadians abroad, and in this case my pleasure is all the keener as Miss Stotesbury's triumph is so signal and emphatic. Her friends in the city will look forward to her home-coming as something of musical interest.

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Another Canadian young lady who is making a success abroad is Miss Mary H. Keegan, who has been playing Elizabeth Throgmorton in the play called Shakespeare, at the Globe Theater, London, and the role of She in Makebelieffs, at the Royalty Theater. In both cases Miss Keegan won unstinted praise from the best London papers, and from the critic of *Le Figaro* of Paris. The *Daily Telegraph* said: "But perhaps the most promising of the new-comers was Miss Mary H. Keegan, who played the wilful Maid of Honor with excellent taste and no little sense of humor. This young lady both speaks and acts well." The *Topical Times* of July 2, said: "Mary H. Keegan, a Canadian actress, will make her mark in England, for she is pretty and sympathetic, and delivers her lines roundly."

•

From a private letter from Miss Jessie Alexander, who is in Scotland, I have been permitted to make a brief extract. It may be said, too, that she will reach home before the end of the month. "We left Montrose yesterday morning to visit Kerrimuir (Barrie's Thrunis) and spent a very interesting day. Upon our arrival we accosted a clerical-looking gentleman and enquired if he could direct us to the house of Mr. J. W. Barrie. He simply remarked: 'Worshippers at the shrine, I presume! Perhaps it will interest you to know that I am the U. P. minister.' He very kindly conducted us to all the principal points of interest mentioned in Barrie's books. We found that the 'Auld Licht' church was being pulled down. Mr. Barrie has purchased the pulpit. His home is quite an unpretentious house. We found he had left for the continent, but were very cordially received by his sister. We saw the wee house and tiny window from which such wonderful sights were seen. It was a very good day to see the natives, as they were waiting for the election returns of Saturday. I questioned the men about results, just in order to study the accent of Thrunis folk and watch their faces. Many of the characters from which Barrie drew his sketches are living. We saw two or three of the Tammas Haggert type, and also found that the old lady who lived in the wee house with the now famous window quite answered the description given of Jess in the Window of Thrums. At the invitation of Mr. L——, a prominent Edinburgh gentleman, we had the pleasure of participating in a most delightful coaching trip occupying three days and covering about forty miles a day, through the most picturesque country and in company with some of Edinburgh's brightest literary people. At the end of the first day a grand banquet was given to the party at the Royal George, Dryborough. By request I recited Sander's McGlashan's Courtship and never had a more sympathetic audience, their closer knowledge of Scotch speech and character enabling them to appreciate the points of humor which are sometimes lost on other audiences; altogether the sincere and warm hospitality of the Scotch has delighted us."

•

A woman of some artistic reputation is Lady Jephson, who comes of an ancient Scotch family. She is a descendant of the Earls of Broadalbane; one of her forefathers, Capt. Campbell of the "Black Watch," served throughout the conquest of Canada, and died at Montreal in 1762. She is the daughter of Archibald Campbell, Prothonotary of the Superior Court, Quebec, and of his wife, Isabella Prior, and is a cousin of Mrs. Geo. N. Reynolds of Dowling avenue, Toronto. Naturally fond of drawing, Lady Jephson exhibited from early childhood unusual facility, in recording her ideas in pictorial form, and at the age of twelve carried off the first prize at an amateur art exhibition in Quebec. Marrying when very young, Capt. Sir Alfred Jephson, she journeyed to Rome in 1883, where artistic surroundings, the masterpieces of art she saw and the picturesque beauty of Italy awoke in her a great longing to improve the faculty for design, of which she could not but feel herself possessed. Never having studied at any art school, she had a sound instructor, when at Quebec, in John Wilkinson, the present head master of the Philadelphia Art School. She subsequently studied in Rome, and is now a frequent exhibitor in London. She works mainly in water color.

•

Miss Jessica T. Terwilliger of Boston, an elocutionist who has already scored many a brilliant success in Boston, New York, Albany and other large American cities, made her *debut* in Canada last Saturday in Grimsby Park. Her first selection was greeted with a double encore and throughout the programme she won the admiration of all present. We congratulate Prof. Mounteer, principal of Toronto College of Expression, on having secured so able an assistant on his staff of teachers; also the people of Toronto, who will have frequent opportunities during the coming season of hearing Miss Terwilliger.

•

Montague Marks writing in the *Art Amateur* for August says: "One cannot read without a shudder of the monuments going up in all parts of the country 'in honor' of the discoverer of the New World. Judging from the illustrations of most of them, that appear in the local newspapers, they must be sad travesties indeed of the noble art of sculpture—as a rule, quite as bad as the Seward Laccoon in Madison square, the hunchback Burns in Central Park, and almost as atrocious as the Dorsey effigy at Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, and the 'Sunset' Cox image near the Cooper Institute. The gravestone sculptor is now in his glory. Having put up soldiers' memorials in nearly every township in the Union which sent its contingent to the war, he was getting discouraged at the dulness of trade, when the Columbus celebration 'boom' set in and put new life into him. New York, of course, cannot hope to escape the epidemic. Fortunately, however, there happens to be in office just now a Board of Park Commissioners who seem to realize the grave responsibility that attaches to the city in affording sites for the erection of bad sculpture." MACK.

Miss Campbell L. Stotesbury.

Three, Six, Twenty-four.

A SOFT haze seemed to be over everything; not a leaf stirred on the rough, old trees that lined the dusty road. They threw their shadows heavily on the thick yellow sand; here and there a little bird twittered lazily as it plunged and rolled in its sand bath; the cloudless sky, so blue, so clear, looked hard and unsympathetic, and straight down in scorching rays beat the pitiless sun—beat, beat on the gray head and bowed back of a poor, old man plodding wearily and despairingly through the deep warm sand. His trowsers were old and coarse, and only held together by the patches of old sacking which patient fingers had stitched in for him. A ragged piece of rope was tied about his waist, and his rough red flannel shirt was opened a little at the chest. An unkempt gray beard reached almost to his waist, matted and tangled, and he twisted and pulled it as he labored slowly on.

Suddenly in front of him fluttered a tiny piece of white paper. As he wearily lifted his feet, he kicked some sand over it, and it lay there, caught by one corner, held firmly yet quivering to be freed. A little bird saw it, and seizing it in its beak rose into the air. But the burden was clumsy, or dicky was too lazy and warm to hold it, for it fluttered slowly down and dropped upon the old man's arm. Mechanically, almost unconsciously, he took it and looked at it:

"With 3, 6, 24, you shall gain all."

He read it over slowly two or three times:

"With 3, 6, 24, you shall gain all."

Then a sudden light suffused his face: "I shall try it," he murmured; "3, 6, 24, I shall gain all."

"What else can it mean?" And still holding the little paper he raised his head and walked onward with renewed vigor, the light of a great hope shining in his eyes.

Down the dusty road, through a green lane, then on down a dingy street set here and there with tumble down shanties, he passed until he reached a low, board building, which a large sign declared to be Fortune's Temple, and another sign in smaller letters announced that if you "turn the Magic Wheel, wealth and riches will be yours."

A group of rough men loitered around the doorway, loafers from the mine a mile or two away. They greeted the old man with loud laughter: "Goin' for a try on the Magic Wheel, Silas? Ha! ha! Wealth and riches will be yourn, eh, Silas? Goin' to make a fortin to buy up a tony berrin' place, eh, old man? Four Post Cemetery ain't good enough fer you an' your old 'oman. Ha! ha! You can't want riches fer any thin' else, Silas; yer too bloomin' old, ha! ha!"

But the old man paid no heed to them and passed in as if unconscious of their jeers. The door led right into a large room, which was almost full of men, smoking, swearing and jostling one another as each tried to get nearest to the Magic Wheel.

As Silas entered, the manager of Fortune's Temple was shouting: "Come, gentlemen, who will try? Only two numbers left—can hev both fer a dollar. Come on now, gents, one of these 'ere ones might jest get the prize. Who'll try?"

"Me!" cried the old man, elbowing his way through the crowd.

"Who answered? Come forward, sir."

"Ha! ha! Him. He wants ter buy," cried some of the men, jostling Silas to the front.

"What are the numbers, sir?" cried the old man.

"3 and 6, but you can't buy, so clear out," said the man, his hand on the wheel. "Was it you, old beggar, that said you'd buy?"

"Yes, me!" he gasped; "I hain't no money, sir, but you kin take the clock, me old clock that's knowed all through this ere town, sir, that's all they uns goes by, and if I lose it's yours, and if I win you git five dollars instead. You'll do it, sir?" The old man's face was flushed and his voice trembled with eagerness.

As he finished speaking, some one called from the throng: "Not yer clock, Sil! Keep yer clock, ye bloomin' fool, ye'll not git nothin'. Hang onter it man, it's about all ye've got ter hang onter."

But Silas paid no attention. "You'll do it, sir?" he pleaded, grasping the man's arm.

"Wal, seein' as it's the last two an' yer pressin', I'll do it, ter oblige ye, and these gentlemen are witnesses that if ye don't win anythin' the clock's mine. Eh, gentlemen?"

"Aye, aye," answered the men emphatically: "send her round, boss, and don't keep us waitin'!"

Whiz! went the wheel! There was a moment of breathless silence; then the proprietor of "Fortune's Temple," said in an impressive voice, "42 has the prize, gentlemen. $500 goes to 42."

The old man's face grew ashy; "6 and 3 have failed," he murmured, while his hands clenched and crushed the tiny piece of paper. "Failed, failed, it must be 24 then, yes it must be 24." He heard neither the swearing and storming of those who had lost, nor the boasting of him who had won. He seemed like one asleep or dead, till above the din rose the cry, "Now, gentlemen, the wheel is open again. Who will try?"

Then he hurried to the wheel. "I want to try," he said.

"Have you money?" asked the proprietor.

"No," answered the old man, "but I will give you my house for a try. I must, I must try!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the other. "Your house, where is it?"

"Up the hill, they can tell you it is mine!" cried Silas, trembling with excitement. "Eli, tell him it is so," he begged, seizing one of the men.

"The shanty is a good one, and his, right enough, but his old woman won't like leavin'," answered Eli carelessly.

"She shall go to a better home," said Silas; "only let me have this try."

The shrewd proprietor took a paper out of his pocket and after writing something on it handed it to Silas. "Here, put yer name there an' you kin have a try, then ye'll hev ter clear out."

The old man obeyed without seeing that he was signing away not only his little cottage but all the furniture therein.

"Give me 24," he cried hoarsely. His eyes were staring and his face had a wild, almost inhuman expression as he watched the wheel go round and round. Will it ever stop? Then it is getting slower and slower—it has stopped. And now he is poor no longer, for of course he has won, he will—listen, the proprietor is speaking: "This time, gentlemen, the prize has been taken by number 60!"

The sun beat pitilessly down on the gray head and bowed back of a poor, old man plodding wearily down the road. Yes, he had lost, lost! The words seemed branded on his brain, and each letter was a scorching flame that burned and burned. Lost! lost! Up the hill through the thick, warm sand he labored, still holding the little piece of paper. Suddenly a boy ran up to him. "She's gone; yer old 'oman! She's gone dead, an' ma sent me fer yer, an' tole me to tell yer yer ole 'oman said not ter mind for she wus goin' ter a better home."

"I told them she'd go ter a better home," said the old man quietly.

"Yes, but she's dead," cried the boy, jogging the old man's elbow, for he did not think he understood, he looked so vacant and hopeless.

"Dead, d'ye hear? Dead!"

The old man nodded, then turned away murmuring, "Lost, lost!" On down the dusty road he tramped. He knew not where he went, but unconsciously his feet turned towards the mine—the mine where he had worked since he was a boy, had worked until they had discharged him because he was too old and feeble to be of much use; the mine where he had earned enough to buy a little shanty to bring his wife to, his old 'oman, but she was dead now. And he had tried, tried them all, 3, 6, 24, and had lost! How it burned! The flames grew hotter and hotter, the red glare of the fire was spreading before his eyes, the flames roaring in his ears, roaring and crackling, yet through it all he heard the refrain, Lost! Lost.

Is there trouble at the mine? The miners are rushing and shouting, the women are weeping and praying. A child goes sobbing by. Her little heart is breaking and she must tell someone her grief. She approaches the old man and sobs: "The mine has covered up mine daddy! The wicked mine has buried up mine own daddy!"

A cry goes up. All the men are saved but three. Who will volunteer to go down the shaft and see if they are still living? The explosion has barely survived, but brave men spring forward at once. Silas brushes past them. "Let me go," he says, as he steps into the basket. "One is enough to see if they are living, and the danger may not be over yet."

Down, down! The basket stops; he has reached the bottom of the shaft. He walks slowly along, feeling his way—a low moan guides him. Ah, here they are, all three, lying side by side, white and unconscious. Strength comes to the old man. He raises them one by one and puts them into the basket. There is no room for him. He gives the signal and they ascend, leaving him alone in the darkness. Lost! Lost! the words burn into his brain. He hardly knows what he has done or where he is, but he lies down on the hard rocks and listens to the voices that are crying and sobbing around him. They all say the same word over and over again, "Lost! Lost!" Suddenly his hard couch quivers, there is a low rumbling. The voices rise to a shriek "Lost! Lost!" The words bear him down, crush him—he cannot breathe—he tries to push them away, then—he knows no more.

* * * * * *

The basket reached the ground in safety. Yes, they were saved, the three miners, and in the wild rejoicing that followed no one thought of the old man still in the mine, who had lost his life for them, till suddenly they heard the noise of a second explosion. Then all at once they remembered him, and each looked at the other with blanched face and sinking heart.

When they could they went down. They soon found him, buried under a huge rock, still clenching in one nerveless hand a tiny piece of paper:

"With 3, 6, 24 you shall gain all."

And they wondered as they read it, for the numbers borne by the miners he had saved were 3, 6, and 24.

MABEL MCLEAN HELLIWELL.

A Definition.

For Saturday Night.

Teacher—What is a net?

Smart Boy—A lot of holes tied together with strings.

Saving the Bank.

Bank Stockholder—See here! I've learned that our cashier is living way beyond his means.

Bank Director—My! My! That won't do. We must give him more salary.

Crushed!

Boerum (doing his best to make a favorable impression, has just finished his best anecdote)—Ha! ha! ha! That's a pretty good story, now.

Miss Acres—Yes, I think so, too. And they say poor Uncle Phil, who was killed at Gettysburg, never tired of hearing it.

Rain-fall.

For Saturday Night.

From out the west where darkling storm clouds float,
The waking wind pipes as it is rising note.

From out the west o'erhung with fringes gray,
The wind preludes with sighs its roundelay.

Then blowing, singing, piping, laughing loud,
It scurries on before the gray storm cloud;

Across the hollow and along the hill
Is whips and whirls among the trees, until

With bow, he up bent and green of leaves blown wide,
The silver shines upon their under-side;

A gusty freshening of humid air,
With showers laden, and with fragrance rare,

A little sprinkle, followed by the dash
Of great, cool drops that fall with sudden splash,

And far across the fields beyond the lane,
The loud, crisp whiteness of the nesting rain.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Beaver.

For Saturday Night.

We are humble workers,
Toiling day by day,
(Seeking for no honor,
Asking not for pay).

In the creeks and rivers
Of primeval woods,
Where the heavy hemlocks,
Shade the foaming floods,

Here for countless ages
Did our race abide;
Here our fathers flourished,
Here our kindred died;

All unknown to sorrow,
All unknown to fame,
Lived in peace and plenty
Till the vandal came.

Through the pathless forest
Then was heard his tread,
Soon the falling timber
Thundered overhead.

Day by day the aspect
Grew less weird and wild,
Till, where once was woodland
Soon a clearing smiled.

Yet the day that brought him
To our verdant glade
Saw our glory vanish,
Saw our freedom fade.

Wreck'd are all our lodges,
All our dykes removed,
And our haunts invaded—
Haunts so dearly loved.

For the glossy coating
That ye mortals prize,
We have seen our children
Slain before our eyes.

Is our reign then ended?
Must we journey forth
Pilgrims, pilgrims ever
To the frozen north?

As your country's emblem,
Emblem of a land
Whose far-reaching confines
Stretch from strand to strand,

Do we sue for safety,
That ye may restrain
Those who, avaricious,
Slaughter us for gain:

We are humble workers
Toiling day by day,
Seeking for no honor,
Asking not for pay.

F. M. DELA FOSSE.

Ou Ghosts.

Their want of manners.

I have ne'er seen a ghost, but from what I can find,
Since the earliest days of the history of mind,
These pale "comers-back" from the shadowy land,
Whose laws not the wisest can e'er understand,
Revisit at times the frail dwellers on earth,
Bringing horror to guilt, bringing sorrow to mirth.
If you poison your aunt for the sake of her wealth,
Or by means of a club destroy your wife's health,
You may feel pretty sure that some dreary midnight
A tall ghastly figure, in orthodox white,
Will stand by your side and disturb your repose,
And cause you to cover your head with the clothes.
That's all very well. Any ghost has the right
To madden a murderer with dread and affright
And bring him to justice. But still I must say,
That finished, the ghost should get out of the way.
Whereas in most tales, whether recent or not,
A ghost will continually haunt the same spot
For hundreds of years; frightening people to fits
Who have done it no harm. Now, that shows want of wits.
They will stick to old houses, and damp chilly places,
Frightening innocent people with hideous grimaces.
They will stand by cross-roads in forests so dreas,
And when some farmer man, full of kindness and beer,
Comes past some dark night—why, the man has a fit,
And I don't see the ghost is the better a bit.
If they wish to converse with mankind's future races,
They should choose cheerful times, more appropriate places;
They should cultivate manners, good breeding and tact;
They should cheerfully speak, and with kindness act,
For their manners are bad. To appear white and glum
To a man, and to say simply, "Come!"
Or "Beware!" "Follow me!" or some words of that kind,
Shows an absence of sense—shows a weakness of mind.
Now if I were a ghost, I'd endeavor to dwell,
When I visited Earth, in some first-class hotel,
Or when I was flitting between Earth and Hades,
I would haunt for a while, some school for young ladies;
For I really must say, to finish these rhymes,
The average ghost is not up to the times.

Picton. REGINALD GOURLAY.

Sweet Brier.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet brier, sweet brier, scented sweet brier,
Growing by the roadside so fair,
Thy blossoms of pink, they'd wish love's rosy hue,
Drive away from the heart all despair.

Sweet brier, sweet brier, scented sweet brier,
Thy perfume doth rival the rose;
In thy wild native beauty, thou art the queen,
Tho' thy thorns are the type of life's woes.

ELOISE A. SKINNER.

Revenge.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis the only elixir of life,
'Tis the only excuse for existence,
When in an unsought strife
We've met with a cruel resistance.

Hellish pleasure, yet so sweet
That the Almighty claims it;
'Tis what He alone can justly mete,
And we to pay it are not fit.

'Tis a key lent by the devil,
All our passions to unlock;
Unfettered in them we'd revel,
And hell itself we'd shock

All else seems full of decay
When to revenge compared;
All else will fade away,
But this, time has not impaired.

G. S. W.

Between You and Me.

IN passing down Twenty-third street, New York, the other day, I noticed the quarters of the New York School of Applied Design for Women. Rather a puzzling title and a good deal of it for the money, but when I found out what the school was I forgave the title. It will open up a new sphere for smart women, and some of them will make good livings through it. They will be qualified to be designers of carpets, wall papers, oilcloths, &c., and the graduate of this school, though unassuming and deliciously feminine, will have tucked away in the cells of her brains such knowledge of freehand, linear and pen and pencil drawing, such clear ideas of architectural construction and details and plans, that as a rival draughtsman she becomes dangerous. A similar move is heralded by the American papers in San Francisco, and probably if it has not already done so the new departure will soon strike Canada.

It is rather heart-rending sometimes to read of the tyranny of the powers that be over the helpless recruits of the continental armies. Rudyard Kipling's Tommy Atkinses would have something to grumble about if their unwitting neglect of the tonsorial artist was punished by the application of kerosene oil and a lucifer match, as it was in the case of a raw recruit in the Hungarian army a few days ago. And it was also hard on the son of Herr Joachim, the famous violinist, to be deprived of his rank as an artillery officer because he played at a concert in Frankfort lately. How badly he must have played! Or was it jealousy of his art that made his colonel say he had made a "public exhibition of himself" when he sentenced him?

Talking of Rudyard Kipling reminds me that I stole a copy of his poems the other day, from an editorial sanctum in New York—"just to read on the cars." Well, it may be vulgar of me, and I may get once more snubbed by some superior and refined friend, but I can't help saying that I enjoyed some of the barrack-room ballads, and certainly if the commissariat camel did not become a real fiend to me, it wasn't the fault of the writer of the 'Oont. I can see Gunga Din too, with his scant raiment and skin water-bottle. I suppose a taste for Kipling is something like the weakness for onions which some folks are brave enough to confess. Well, he is strong-flavored sometimes, too! But though I abhor onions, I have a sneaking taste for Kipling.

A curious case of mental telegraphy came my way last week. There is a certain mariner who sails the ocean blue, and who is pretty near perfection as captain of a ship. To be put under that captain's wing is equal to an assurance that, so far as man can do, he will render the passage across the herring pond a week of enjoyment and fun. He was so very good this time that I became generous while I sat in the sanctum here, and musing over his many thoughtful kindnesses I determined to send him a little souvenir present before he sailed away. I sent it, something a little out of the ordinary, and next day on my table at home I found a letter asking me for, or rather saying he would so much like to have that very unique little *cadeau* which was then on its way. I am quite sure his wish was the incentive to my action, though how I came to know of it beforehand I can't just tell.

I was sorry to read in the account of the Stanley election how Mrs. Dorothy lauded her husband as the "finest man in England," and I was a little wee bit tickled when Stanley did not get in. And when that noble dame descended to the arena and bearded the irate slum orator, how could she hope to make him step down and shut up by force of lungs alone? She should have come gently behind him with a hat-pin, and secretly asserted herself. The very look on the orator's face would have turned the maddest mob to laughter, and then she'd have got her chance. And on the top of her unsolicited officiousness and ill-placed resentment comes Papa Cleveland's refusal to allow his lady fair to mix herself up in elections, even to the extent of naming a club The Frances Cleveland Influence Club. And he shows nicely beside those would-be English members who weren't so particular.

Do you ever talk to the sarcastic husband, and when you say something nice about his wife, which is only her due, does he make one of those slighting and mean replies? I am always surprised at him. It is in the majority of cases so good of her to have married him, so charming of her to put up with him, so angelic of her to bestow her beautiful, or noble, or long-suffering self upon him, creature that he is! that one would fancy him dumbly grateful at the least. But instead of that he is sarcastic. He loves her and is proud of her, but he relieves the irking sense of inferiority by sarcasms on her little failings—even her perfections. And when he does it in very hot weather, such as we've been having, I really quite boil over at him and long for the sight of his wife in widow's weeds! LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The Rev. Newman Hall, the noted preacher and temperance worker, has resigned his charge in order to take a much-needed rest.

Kate Claxton is said to have practically abandoned the stage. She and her husband, Charles Stevenson, are now living in Chicago.

Alexander Pope's villa at Twickenham has for the past twenty-five years been occupied by Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., but it is now for sale.

Many Mexican veterans made a pilgrimage to Vienna at the recent celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of the Emperor Maximilian.

Sister Rose Gertrude, now Mrs. Lutz, has left the Sandwich Islands permanently, and is now, with her husband, living in San Francisco. They will probably make that city their home.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris now lives in London and is a woman of wealth. Her father-in-law left his estate to her and her two children, on the condition that they would make their residence in England.

Sara Bernhardt is likely to produce in France Oscar Wilde's play, Salome, which the Lord Chancellor has put under ban in England. The plot turns on the incident of the dance before Herodias and the demand for St. John the Baptist's head.

Seven thousand one hundred and ten dollars has been raised during the past five months for the relief of the famine stricken Russians by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, the well known Russian translator. The money has been sent to the Tolstois for distribution.

Madame Jeanne Chauvin has presented herself before the faculty of the University of Paris as a candidate for the degree of doctor of laws. Her thesis will treat of the professions open to women, and of the historic evolution of the position of women in society.

Marshal MacMahon, who is now eighty-four years old, has completed his memoirs, but will not allow them to be published until after his death. They are in four volumes and cover the time between his Algerian campaign and the establishment of the French republic.

Mrs. Rosa Holub, who shared the thrilling experiences of her husband's expedition to Central Africa during four years, beginning in 1883, has been honored by the Emperor of Austria with a special medal in recognition of her bravery and services on that memorable journey.

The most interesting person present at the meeting of Black Hawk survivors at Freeport, Illinois, was Mrs. William Lewhorn, of Lena, Ill. She was in the fort Apple River at the time of Black Hawk's murderous attack, and dealt out powder and shot to the defending soldiers.

Archduchess Maria Theresa, who, if her husband survives his brother, the Emperor of Austria, will become Empress, is one of the most popular members of the imperial family. She is thirty-seven years old, and is said to have the spirits of seventeen with the wisdom of seventy.

Princess Mary of Edinburgh, the *fiancee* of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, resembles strongly her mother, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and is said to be more Russian than English in her aptitude for languages and for music. She is a remarkable musical critic, and is pitiless in her comments upon her father's violin playing.

Until quite lately Mr. Gladstone owned a one-story house opposite the Bank of Scotland, the burg of Dingwall, of which his grandfather was at one time chief magistrate. This he granted to the town free as an almshouse; but it has recently been pulled down to make room for a new block of shops and offices known as the Gladstone Buildings.

Clara Schumann, whom Hans von Bulow called "the uncrowned queen of pianists," has abdicated her throne. She will play no more in public. Had it not been for Clara Wieck, the world would never have heard of Robert Schumann. She it was who made him throw aside his law books for music, who inspired him in his artistic career, and taught the world the beauty of his compositions.

Among the royalties who are visiting Germany are King Alexander of Servia, who is with his father, ex King Milan at Ems, and Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), who is at Neuwied. The latter is a chronic invalid. She has written to a friend in Munich that her illness will soon end fatally. She does not believe the assurances of her physicians. Her sufferings from a spinal disease are only relieved by morphine injections.

Few writers of magazine literature have been longer or more favorably known to the reading public than Rose Terry Cooke, who died at Pittsfield, Mass., on the 18th of last month. Mrs. Cooke was born at West Hartford, Conn., in 1827. She began writing for the press while still in her teens. Her first contribution to *Harper's Magazine*, a story entitled Alix Thuriot Thorne, was published in 1857. She was also a frequent writer for the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines, and was the author of several popular and successful books.

'Tis Mars Draws Nigh.

ASTRONOMERS are not noted for pugnacity, though they sometimes entertain combative theories; but every fifteen years they contract what may be called a Martial mania, which praiseworthily intensifies at each recurrence as the mysteries of the planet Mars become more raveled.

Mars, the planet of war, which, suspended in the southern heavens, gains brilliance nightly, was on the third of August in opposition; that is, he was at a point directly opposite to the sun and earth, which he reaches only once in fifteen years. The distance between earth and him was reduced on that date from close on to 141,000,000 to less than 35,000,000 miles, a concomitant result of the orbital movement of these two planets round the sun. This diminishing of distance is brought about by his nearness to perihelion, which he will reach on September 7 next, and will then be 33,500,000 miles from earth. Numberless observational instruments of earth will be aimed at the orange orb of Mars during August; and, if terrestrial conditions favor, it is expected that important further discoveries shall be made—perhaps some so sensational and wonderful as to have not been hitherto conceived. There is hardly any guessing at that which the powerful lenses and greatly improved astronomical instruments of the age may reveal. The great Lick telescope will condense the intervening space to 17,000 miles.

To say that astronomers, both professional and amateur, are interested, is to mildly state the case; they have been anxious for August to arrive, accompanied with clear atmosphere and cloudless skies. Fifteen years ago, in August, 1877, Professor Hall discovered two small Martial satellites; so that it is no longer strictly accurate to speak of

"The moony poles of moonless Mars;"

and now it is hoped that indications of habitation may be made out. This much is known: Mars is about 4,300 miles in diameter, a little more than half the thickness of earth, and his mean distance from the sun is 139,000,000 miles. His periodic time of revolution about the sun is one year and 322 days, and his diurnal rotation on his axis takes 24 hours and 31 minutes. His general color appearance is a dusky red, often variegated by patches of sundry shades and brilliance. White spots, supposed to be snow, surround his poles and diminish gradually under the influence of solar heat. He has two seasons: summer and winter. There is constant daylight at this south pole for 297 terrestrial days, and perpetual sunshine at his north pole during 372 of our diems. It is thus dark at one pole whilst bright at the other. He appears to be enveloped in a dense atmosphere.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, that famous astronomer whom death robbed science of in recent years, gave a highly interesting depiction of The Planet of War in his delightful book, The Orbs Around Us. From a chart of Mars constructed by Mr. Proctor according to drawings by Astronomer Dawes, Mr. Browning had a globe made on which were pictured lands and seas as upon an ordinary school terrestrial sphere. The major portion of these Martial physical features were laid down on the spheroid as being well known entities, respecting which no more doubt is felt by astronomers than is entertained by geographers with regard to the oceans and continents of earth. All this notwithstanding that Mars is never less than one hundred and twenty times farther from us than our moon. Jupiter and Saturn, planets which far transcend earth in mass and volume, which are adorned with magnificent systems of subsidiary orbs, and which seem in all respects worthy to be abodes for nobler races than our own, afford no indications to justify an assertion, Mr. Proctor averred, that they resemble earth in any of those points which are generally deemed essential to the subsistence of living creatures. Almost the entire light which is perceived from these two bodies is not reflected from their true surface, but from vaporous masses suspended in their atmospheres. That any portion of the real substance of either Saturn or Jupiter has been seen is doubtful, except possibly a small spot here and there faintly visible through the thick over-hanging vapor mantles. Remarkable as it is, the two small planets of the solar system, Venus and Mercury, which present noted contrasts to the greater planetary orbs in other respects, resemble them in cloud comforts. Venus and Mercury are protected from the intense heat to which they would be subjected, in consequence of their closeness to the sun, by vast vaporous envelopes which permit the planets proper to be scrutinized only dimly under even the most favorable conditions. Mars, on the contrary, exhibits his real surface to terrestrial observers, and discloses indications which cannot be disputed as resultant from the existence of

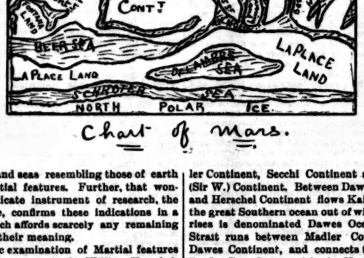

Chart of Mars.

continents and seas resembling those of earth in all essential features. Further, that wonderfully delicate instrument of research, the spectroscope, confirms these indications in a manner which affords scarcely any remaining doubt as to their meaning.

Systematic examination of Martial features was first attempted by Sir William Herschel, although in 1704 to 1719 Maraldi had made a series of observations which were not very reliable. Herschel succeeded only meagrely, and from 1830 to 1837 Astronomers Beer and Madler carried forward telescopic research on the golden-tinted planet. Their instrument had a four-inch aperture, with a focal length of somewhat over five feet. In less experienced hands such a small telescope would have been wholly inadequate, but these two indefatigable gentlemen managed to construct a series of admirable views which they subsequently utilized to prepare a chart of Mars. Some excellent drawings were made later of the planet of war by Astronomer Kunowski, De La Rue, Lockyer, Nasmyth, Father Secchi, and divers other observers, but those evolved by sharp-sighted Professor Dawes from observations made by him in the period from 1847 until 1864 are the more notably correct, compared with recent plans.

It is a difficult and laborious process for astronomers to reduce the different observations so that the exact configuration of the Martial globe shall be demonstrated. Earth in her journey round the solar orb inclines first to one pole and then its opposite is toward him, and by rotation moves the various countries of her surface beneath the sun's rays; Mars does similarly, and so presents a perpetually changing view to the terrestrial watcher. There is an even more accentuated complexity in the variations of Mars, because our globe, from which we look at him, moves diametrically on. Mars can be brought within 17,500 miles, seeing distance by the Lick telescope; but suppose an instrument invented powerful enough to reduce this diminished span to 500 miles, or maybe less—say 50 miles—what would be the result? Undoubtedly we should see the formation of Mars plainly; but could we, taking note of his extremely swift rotary motion, concentrate our vision on one particular spot long enough to decide whether a certain formation of his surface were artificial or natural? There would be added to the whirl of Mars the speed of Earth, for each revolves in the same direction. Whilst the Marsians would be carried backward on the nether hemisphere of Mars, we should be hurrying forward across the upper half of Earth. Hence it is a perplexing problem to educe the real features which exist upon the Martial globe.

So far, astronomers have been able to ascertain that each pole of Mars is capped with ice, which varies in extent as the Martial seasons progress. Around each polar cap there is a polar sea, the northern one being called Schroter Sea, and that at the south Phillips Sea. All the Martial features are named after astronomers whose researches have extended to terrestrians a knowledge of Mars. The equatorial regions of Mars are occupied mainly by four extensive continents—Dawes Continent, Madler Continent, Secchi Continent and Herschel (Sir W.) Continent. Between Dawes Continent and Herschel Continent flows Kaiser Sea, and the great Southern ocean out of which this sea rises is denominated Dawes Ocean. Dawes Strait runs between Madler Continent and Dawes Continent, and connects the Southern De La Rue Ocean with the Northern Tycho Sea. Huggins Inlet divides Secchi Continent from Herschel Continent and pours out of Maraldi Sea, a big body of water to the south. Airy Sea is in the north, and Bessel Inlet, flowing from it, parts the Madler and Secchi continents. Two large islands rest between Dawes and De La Rue oceans—Phillips Island, within the tropics of Mars, and Jacob Island, lying in the southern temperate zone. Dawes Ocean bourgeons into four great seas extending northerly. Vast tracts of land are between these seas, but whether they are islands or not is uncertain, because their southerly polar limits are never defined quite clearly. In De La Rue Ocean there is a small island which is so bright and glittering as to suggest that it is generally covered with snow. This is called Dawes Snow Island. *Entre nous*, Professor Dawes seems to have a corner on the Martial world! Three seas, separated by lands of doubtful extent, stretch from De La Rue Ocean toward the South Pole. These are Beer Sea, Tycho Sea and Airy Sea, which are connected and form a continuous fluid zone around the northern polar parts. In a zone of land which separates Beer Sea from Schroter Sea lies De Lambre Lake.

Mr. Proctor has set forth in his Orbs Around Us that one of the most singular features of the Martial globe is the prevalence of long and winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. These features are wholly distinct from anything known on Earth. For example, Huggins Inlet is a long forked stream, far too wide to be compared to any terrestrial river, extending for about 3,000 miles from its two-forked commencement, near Airy Sea, to the point at which it falls into Maraldi Sea. Bessel Inlet is well nigh as long. Nasmyth Inlet is still more remarkable. Beginning near Tycho Sea it flows to the east, running parallel with that sea and Beer Sea. It then turns sharply southward and, expanding, forms Kaiser Sea. Oudemann Inlet connects two bell-shaped seas; but it is not quite clear whether these seas are separated or not by an interval of land from Beer Sea. The bottle-necked seas or lakes are singular features. Those connected by Oudemann Inlet probably form a twin pair of seas of this sort. Two remarkable seas, closely resembling each other in figure, and each of which is separated from De la Rue Ocean by a narrow curved strait, are noteworthy features. Were it not for their enormous real dimensions—each sea is at least 300 miles long by 150 broad, and the channels which connect them with De la Rue Ocean are fully 250 miles long—there would be a disposition to detect in their singular resemblance the evidence of artificial construction. The same remark applies to two closely resembling flask-shaped seas which flow into Tycho Sea. Another well marked sea of this kind flows into the Kaiser Sea.

On Mars a traveler by either land or water might visit practically every quarter of that globe without forsaking the element on which his voyaging began. He might journey by water along Nasmyth Inlet for 2,000 miles; thence southward 1,500 miles through the Kaiser Sea into Dawes Ocean; coast along the four seas which extend for 5,000 miles around the southern temperate zone; encircle Phillips Island and Jacob Island; sail into De la Rue Ocean and visit the three open seas and the five bottle-necked seas connected with it; voyage down Dawes Strait into the sea surrounding the temperate zone, and circumnavigate this zone and sail up Bessel Inlet. Thus he would have visited almost every section of his world, and would have traveled more than 30,000 miles, with land always in sight and mostly in view on both hands simultaneously. On land, starting from Dawes Continent, he could go round the extremity of Nasmyth Inlet and pass by a long neck of land (Madler Land) into Herschel Continent, around Huggins Inlet to Secchi Continent, and, circumventing the southern end of De La Rue Ocean, he might call at all the countries surrounding the southern temperate zone.

There is palpable evidence that a cloud-bearing atmosphere exists around Mars, for often his physical features are blurred and indistinct while every circumstance favors observation. His wintry hemisphere is always harder to discern than is his summer one, and observations have proved that the morning and evening skies of Mars are more clouded than are his mid-day ones—a condition prevailing in certain seasons and latitudes on earth. The indistinctness of the winter hemisphere on Mars indicates the greater prevalence of clouds in the cold season there.

It has been suggested from divers inferences that the Marsians are farther advanced in science than are we, because their world is older, his bursting forth into life from the sun pre dating earth's solar birth by some millions of years. For several reasons Martial citizens must be better acquainted with the appearance of the terrestrial orb than are we with Mars. Earth is so much larger than Mars that the people of the latter world will have almost double our advantage for telescopic study. If intellectually the Marsians are beyond the terrestrians, the hypothesis is that their observational apparati are more improved and more powerful than ours. It may be inferred, therefore, that the astronomers of Mars have learned long ago that Earth is populated; then why should they not be endeavoring to attract our attention by some mode of signals, as has been surmised by some scientists? Perhaps a few terrestrial observers while they look at Mars this month will be impelled to remember the recent peculiar bequest of that French marchioness, who has willed 20,000,000 francs to be paid to the person who shall first succeed in communicating with the inhabitants of yon far-off Martial world. We of Earth should build two vast steel structures on some great plain, beside each other, in the shape of a rectangular triangle and a circle, the sides of the former ten miles long and the diameter of the latter, ten miles; top these thickly with enormous electric search lights, contrived to reflect straight up; then manipulate the divers switches in such a fashion as to compel the Marsians to note. Could we but create a blaze of light which would penetrate the Martial Day, despite the sun, they'd surely cry:

In God's name, what is that?
A chip from the sun?

JOHN A. COPLAND.

A Great Creation.

Mr. Hardacre—I tell you what, Becky, this 'ere fly-paper I brought from town is great! Hits 'em every time. (Shwack!) Here goes another victim!

The German order Four le Merite has been conferred upon Sir John Millais, the English artist.

MY STRANGE FRIEND PEPIN

(Written for Saturday Night by Jas. A. Tucker.)

Tay soul shall fi ed itself alone
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tomb-stone.
Not one, of all the crew to pry,
Into those hours of secrecy—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

It was during the summer of 1885, while sojourning in Paris as a special art correspondent of one of the leading New York papers, that I made the acquaintance of Monsieur Pierre Pepin. Our meeting was a strange one. It was my custom to walk far out into the suburbs at night to a little lonely cemetery surrounding an ancient chapel. The misfortunes which had been pursuing me like so many vultures for several years back, had produced in my temperament—naturally imaginative and nervous—a fierce restlessness which could find relief only in the hunting of gloomy and unfrequented spots; and the cemetery in question, obscure and deserted as it was, naturally attracted me to its umbrageous silence during these frequent periods of nervous excitement.

The night of June 15, I distinctly remember. It was particularly warm in the city. Indeed, the air was sultry beyond endurance. I had spent the day in the art galleries and returned to my lodgings in one of those strange impressionable states of mind, which the contemplation of masterpieces of art scarcely ever fails to produce in a soul given over to idleness and meditation. The excitement produced by a letter awaiting my return, containing further ill news from my home in America, was therefore of a particularly deep and turbid character. In vain I pulled at my cigar; in vain sipped my cognac and water. It was all of no use. I left my lodgings. I rushed to the opera, but the music and the ballet had no charm for me, and before the third chorus was over my opera chair was vacant and I found myself striding out towards the little cemetery de Ste. Anne. Arrived there, I flung myself into a low stone seat beneath a huge chestnut that spread its thickly-leaved branches over four or five grass-entangled mounds. Here it was my habit to repose for hours in my midnight reveries.

The moon was shining yellowish and hot, casting fantastic yet outlandish shadows on the gray moss-grown tombstones, while near by through the murky windows of the chapel fell the gleam of a few sputtering tapers. A heaviness seemed to oppress the whole earth, and overcome by fatigue and heat I was just dozing into what would probably have been a profound slumber, when the soft notes of a well known song fell on my ear. I say the song was well known, not because it has ever to my knowledge been sung in Paris, but because in early childhood I had often heard my father sing its sad numbers in that tongue, the saddest and sweetest of all, the Italian. I immediately raised myself in my seat and listened intently. The voice was a tremulous tenor, subdued to a delightful softness. I looked for the singer. He was but a few yards from me, kneeling on a neglected grave and evidently entirely unaware of my presence. His face was cast upwards and the moonbeams shone on it with a deadly whiteness. No one who has not heard that impassioned Italian song can ever have any idea of its melancholy beauty; nor can he who hears it read its words translated into another tongue conceive its perfection. Yet am I constrained to attempt a version of it in our too rugged English syllables:

O, my beloved, O, my true hearted!
Yourself my soul for a peace that's departed,
Yes, it is yearning, ah, it is yearning
Only we're returning since we two parted.

I see you yet, dear; eyes, ah, of j d, dear!
Just where we met, dear, long, long ago!
I see you smiling, enchanting, beguiling,
I see you yet in the long, long ago.

There you stood once, my love, by the pond up above
The garden of roses—arrayed like a dove!
And I, coming by that day, saw you and felt th' way—
Broken to the heart by the arrow of love.

There 'twas I heard you sing, O, my beloved one,
Songs that the lilies ceased waving to hear,
Ah, the wild, thoughtless spring hushed its glad murmuring,
Sighing, ah, sobbing such singing to hear.

Yes, it was there you stood, there 'neath the hawthorne wood,
The wild nightgale tossed on thy beautiful brow.
But O, my dearest one, but O, my nearest one,
The years have passed one by one—where and how?

Oft in the dead of night, when o'er the stars' sad light
Is denied to the weeping, wind cold, dark and lone,
I hear your song again, hear it, ah, hear it plain!
Alas! as a mere refrain is the wind's refrain.

And at the dawn of day, wild, weird and ghostly gray,
I press your face again, smooth your pale brow!
But, darling, tho' you seem wafted thro' every dream,
A voice in each leaf and stream asks "Where is she now?"
A voice in each leaf and stream asks "Where is she now?"

The effect of hearing sung so beautifully and under such circumstances, a song wrapped up with the dearest memories of my childhood, I cannot describe. I only know that I sat enraptured; and unconsciously, as the singer came to the concluding line, I blended my voice with his. He at once started to his feet.

"Alas!" I exclaimed, recognizing my senses, "What impertinence is this I have been guilty of, sir? I beg a thousand pardons."

"And they are as readily granted as they are asked," said the stranger, "I think the offence, I fear, was on my part. But, sir, you seem to be acquainted with *Il Giardino*. Ah, I thought I was the only one in the world who sang Vacanza's beautiful song."

"I have known it since childhood," I replied.

"My father was an Italian scholar and I did sing it well. Unfortunately I, too, can sing it, and from my heart."

"Would to God," said the stranger, "would to God that we had no more reason to remember it than the rest of the world, which forgot it long ago."

With this remark he turned towards the gate and was gone, leaving me to resume my reverie on the old stone bench, with the words of Il Giardino ever ringing in my ears.

After that I used to find the stranger musing near the grave where he had sung the song, nearly every time I visited the cemetery. At first my presence seemed to disconcert him, but ultimately this wore away and indeed we became fast friends.

I had already had abundant evidence in the short conversations which we had carried on from time to time, that Monsieur Pierre Pepin was a man of education and refinement. Besides this, there was something peculiarly magnetic—I might say overbearing—in his manner. We have all met characters of this description. An opinion they express may not meet with our own views, but for the time being we are dazed—we do not contradict them. I have often tried to analyze the source of Pepin's strange power over my feelings, but never with success. His voice was subdued and rich, and had in it the echo of some olden grief such as I have never heard before. His form was tall and slim, but beautifully graceful, and made more impressive, as it often the case, by a light stoop in the shoulders. He talked with irresistible fervor, passion and eloquence, running off into innumerable mazes of thought. Ever did he make those subdued yet eloquent gestures, without which it seems impossible for the French to adequately express their thoughts. Yet it was none of these characteristics that exercised that strange magnetic influence to which I have referred. There was something beyond all these, deep and inscrutable, drawn perhaps from that irresistible, eternal force that sways the material universe in circling unison.

In these frequent encounters in the cemetery de Ste. Anne, Pepin and I eventually became firm friends. He occupied lodgings in a retired, almost obscure, quarter of the city, not far from his favorite retreat; and on parting at the door one night he made me promise to visit him the following afternoon. I did so. The room into which I was ushered by the landlady was small and scantily furnished. Two or three dogskin rugs partially covered the pine floor. Curtains of some light material fell loosely from the cornice over the one bow window in the front of the room. At one side was a lounge, at the foot of which stood a small and cheap *escritoire*. Three or four easy chairs stood about in the room. On a round table in the center lay some pipes and a box of tobacco. These were all the furnishings of the apartment.

As I entered, Pepin rose from the lounge where he had been reclining and put down the volume he had been reading. He greeted me with a distance of manner for which I was entirely unprepared. His voice was that of a man who talks in his sleep. His eyes seemed to be staring altogether beyond me at some object visible to him alone. I was confused and silent, while Pepin continued to gaze into the distance. I drew an easy chair towards me; as I did so the castors creaked harshly. The effect was as marvelous as it was instantaneous. Pepin quickly drew his hand across his brow. His manner at once changed. He was once more the Pepin whom I had known for impassionate, cordial, eloquent.

Excusing himself for a few moments, he returned with a bottle of wine. During his absence I had carelessly picked up the volume which my friend had been busied with when I entered. The title showed it to be one of the more advanced works of that strange sect, the Theosophists. As I had studied their theories myself—rather, however, for amusement than for any serious purpose—I was naturally interested in knowing if Pepin's views in the matter coincided with my own, and having sipped my wine a moment, I deftly turned the conversation in the direction which I desired it should take.

He had been remarking that he had chosen his lodgings in the extreme suburbs, because, being inclined towards insomnia, he found quiet to be absolutely necessary for his nerves.

"Ah," I remarked, "sleep is indeed necessary for the body. Its necessity is a sign of our mortality. Eventually, when the body is utterly outworn, man falls into the everlasting sleep. But the soul, the immortal part, what of it?"

"You, the soul, what of it?" echoed Pepin, throwing his head back and at once regaining that peculiar stare which I had remarked when I entered the room. "Surely the soul, the immortal, asks no sleep, nor can know aught of slumber. When the body sleeps the soul is afar off. With wings that span all space in one instant of time, it flashes, an invisible thing, o'er seas and continents, yea, across those yawning and awful depths that sink like bottomless pits between these atoms of world—between the finite present and the infinite ultimate. To the soul there is no time, no space. Oh, glorious thought! oh, terrible thought!—while the body sleeps the soul is absent and then we dream. It is not the body that has dreams and visions. The body lies alive yet soulless—like a brute beast; and when in visions of the night we think we meet our friends and visit strange places, that is no illusion, it is a reality. Our body does not dream, nor does our soul. But when we say I dreamed this or I dreamed that last night, we should say my soul visited this place or visited that place, saw this one and conversed with that one."

After a deep silence he leaned forward and half whispered, "Of what did you dream last night, Monsieur A——?"

The question startled me, for I had had a very strange experience indeed in my sleep.

"I dream'd," said I, "of you. I thought I was in a strange, strange land and you were by my side. The earth was red and dry under foot. There was no tree, nor blade in all the land, but only frightful rocks rose in wild, fantastic shapes on every side, like hands upstretched to heaven by suppliants for water to moisten their burning palms. Yet was the boon denied. Dense, unfathomable masses of streaming vapor rolled through all the heavens in giant shapes. Yet no drop fell."

"I thought so," said Pepin, with an air of relief. "But that was no dream. That was reality. I knew it all. We walked together last night—our spirits did—in the planet Mercury. You did not dream, nor did I. Our bodies lay here in Paris. Our souls had traversed fifty-six millions of miles. Ah, I knew what you would tell me."

Such excited the strange fancy of my friend, and I can vouch that I was not a little startled at his words. Indeed, I thought he must be mad. Evidently he anticipated such a conclusion, for he said laughingly, by way of explanation, "You must not think that my visit to Mercury has turned me as stark mad as the inhabitants of that planet." (Was he one? I am quite docile.)

For some time further the conversation continued in the same direc ion. I denied nothing Pepin said, out admitted it, and added I own great will, expounding his theories without the slightest interruption. Pepin nearly always, in fact, monopolized conversation. On the part of his friends it would such a practice is nothing less than intolerable. With the sons of genius it is always quite natural and fitting. Their eloquence will suffer no obstacle to block its terrific current, which must rush over on ward or cease altogether.

Pepin became very excited as he plunged into the mysteries of the soul. Yet it was a calm excitement, showing itself only in a fiercer fire in his changeful eyes and a hectic glow on his pale cheeks. His hands moved in impetuous gestures. I was impressed as I had never been before.

My visits to Pepin now became frequent. We used to spend the days together in his room, while he ever swept me onward farther into wonderment by his recitation of his wild speculations. In the hot summer evenings we would often wander out to the little cemetery de Ste. Anne and spend the greater part of the night there.

At length the time came when I must leave Paris. The night previous to the day on which I was to sail, Pepin and I sat long on the turf in our favorite retreat. Neither had spoken for some time, when my friend suddenly exclaim'ed to himself in a low voice:

"Yes, we shall clasp hands again ere long. Her soul must obey mine before long. The grave must receive the body—but the soul—ah, the soul knows no grave!"

I had long noticed that Pepin was laboring under some agitation other than that caused by his ordinary speculations, and the incoherency of his remark startled me. However, he almost immediately went on to give me a clue to the nature of his mysterious

"Hear," said he, with a look so pathetic yet so joyful that pity and congratulation struggled together in my heart, "Heber, to-morrow you leave for your home in the golden West. I stay in Paris and I stay to die. I cannot think that you have not noticed that I am in a very weak state of health. To tell the truth, I am affected with a weakness of the heart and I now feel that my life is rapidly ebbing away. Four years ago I was a young man full of health and strength, with every brilliant prospect before me that youth and wealth could paint. I came to Paris to finish my musical course, and there I learned to love a woman in humble station, but as pure as the moon yonder and the possessor of a soul as grand as any queen's. I wished to marry her, my Celia—she was all the world to me, as God knows. But I was young, just twenty-two, and I a fool. My father heard of the affair and forbade the match. He had one already cut and dried with a stupid cousin. I was at first determined to marry Celia, but my father set his foot down and said no once for all. If I married her, I should never have a cent of his money; I should be thrown on the world helpless and penniless. Oh, dastard that I was! I yielded in one weak moment! My father at once sent me to America, to settle my thoughts. I left Celia without a farewell. She did not know of my duplicity. I only sent a note to her as the ship was leaving Havre. I never heard from her again. For three years I wandered aimlessly in America—as homeless and as hopeless as the wandering Jew. This heart knew no peace, but ever burned in restless and impassioned longing. At first I sought to quench its thirst at the springs of the occult studies; but like the salt waters of the ocean to the ship-wrecked mariner, they but added torment to torment. I plunged into physical excesses, in an agony of despair, and bodily ruin crowned my spiritual ruin. At last the emancipation, as I thought, came. My father having lost all in a gigantic speculation, had committed suicide. I laughed when I heard it. 'Now,' said I, 'I shall return and find Celia.' I came, I found her grave; here it is. Ah, wretch that I have been!"

And he threw himself upon the mound and lay quite still.

Then he rose. "Celia's soul," said he, with remarkable assurance, "is with the souls of the blessed dead—beyond the outmost bounds of the material universe—far from the sweep of the most distant star. But there is aught nauht onto the soul, and soon must she hear me calling to her to come. I am calling, calling. Soon must she hear me. Soon must she hear me. Soon must she sweep downward, through all this dust of worlds; and that moment when her spirit—the spirit of the dead—and my spirit—the spirit of the living—rush together here, in that moment I die, and my soul, released forever from earthly bonds, sweeps upwards with hers to eternal bliss. O, Heber, you leave for home to morrow in the golden West. I stay in Paris and I stay to die. I feel it; for last night I dreamed that that time had come and I dy dead. No doubt my soul was then here at this grave calling to my dead love. But though you leave me, Heber, yet I promise that you shall know the hour, yes, the minute of my death."

I said nothing, for I was now assured that my friend was a madman on this particular subject, though sane on all other points. After a time we rose and left the cemetery—I with the deep regret one experiences when taking a final leave of an old, familiar spot. As we walked homeward Pepin did not once revert to his recent vagaries. We talked on many subjects, but they were all sad, for the veriest Pallistine could have appreciated. At his door, my friend and I took an affectionate farewell. By mutual experiment I told him I should write to him often when I reached America, but he did not reply. "Do not forget me," said he regretfully, with his hand on the door of go. I remember that the soul can annihilate space." Then with a wave of the hand he was gone. "Poor Pepin!" I muttered.

Well, the next morning, with the rising sun, I was speeding away from Paris to Havre. At two o'clock the ship sailed, and ere long the shores of France lay dimly distant 'twixt sea and sky. Towards evening a smarting breeze blew down the channel and soon freshened into a stiff gale. The other passengers had mostly sought the cosy warmth and light of the saloon; several had already been glad to drag themselves to their berths in the first throes of sea-sickness. But I was a particularly good sailor and fond of a rough night, I remained on deck till about ten o'clock. I then retired, and after reading a short time I nestled between the blankets and was soon asleep.

It must have been about two o'clock, when I awakened with a cry and start and sank back upon the pillows, numbed and frozen with an unutterable terror. I tried to move, to call out, but could not. My very heart seemed to have ceased beating. And all the while a hand was pressed in mine and a voice whispering, "Pierre Pep'n, Pierre Pepin." How long I lay in that condition I know not. It seemed like ages, but at last the spell was broken, and groaning I sprang up, bathed in a clammy sweat. Having turned on the light I sank into a chair, and there sat shivering and horrified. Who has not experienced those agonizing moments when the soul is panic-stricken by some strange terror too which we seek in vain to assign a reason, which no will power and no faith can shake off, and which, with every breath, seems to drink deeper of the life blood of the heart? Chilled and frozen to the inmost fountains of my soul, thus I sat until the dawn broke gray and cheerless over the ghostly darkness, through which the ship was plunging onward, out to the ultimate ocean.

. . . . . .

A couple of weeks after arriving in New York I received the following letter dated Paris, August 31:

"Office of Dupont, Gabrionne et Colombe, "Bankers and Money Brokers.

"DEAR SIR,—We have the honor to inform you that the sum of 320 francs is in our hands to your credit.

"The circumstances are as follows: One Pierre Pepin, who resided at (giving the correct address) kept a small bank account with us. Shortly after his death, we left a sealed letter in our possession, to be opened only at his death. We regret that we have had occasion to break the seal, the body of the man Pepin having been found in the little cemetery de Ste. Anne at about three o'clock by a watchman, on the morning of August 29 it seems he left his lodgings about five o'clock that morning and was not afterwards seen alive by anyone, so far as we can learn. The body was lying stretched upon a grave full length. The surgeons seem to think the de ceased died from an affection of the heart. However, there was some doubt on this point, as no definite symptoms could be found, and as it was certain that the case was one of neither suicide nor murder, the authorities had no objection to our having the will opened and it now lies in the cemetery where it was found.

"The sealed letter which the deceased left with us, was found, on being opened, to give directions that we should, in case of his death give the body decent burial according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. Strange to say, no fund was set aside for requiems. The balance of the money in our hands was to be placed to your credit. As the amount of the account is so small, we do not think it necessary or advisable to take steps to legalize the bequest. We have inquired of the lodgings of the deceased and cannot find that he had any creditors or any living relatives. Besides, if there were any such, they would very probably have made themselves known ere now, the finding of the body having been generally commented on by the Parisian, and no doubt also by the parties concerned. We shall, therefore, have no hesitancy in forwarding you the amount still in our hands—less a discount of fifteen per cent. for our trouble in the matter—at any time you may see fit to draw on us. Yours, etc.,

"DUPONT, GABRIONNE ET COLOMBE."

When I read that letter I was electrified. The morning of August 29 at a period between one and three o'clock, was the very morning on which I had had the strange and never-to-be-forgotten experience on shipboard. It was very same morning and at a period corresponding with that, Pierre Pep'n had died in our little old cemetery. I cannot solve the mystery. It never will be solved; but, oh, those words of his are ever with me, and haunt me with an unearthly ring in the sleepless watches of the summer nights: "I stay in Paris and I stay to die. . . . But though you leave me, Heber, yet I promise that you shall know the hour, yes, the minute, of my death."

Young America.

"Another letter from Alfred! When do you expect to marry him?"

"He has two years more at the preparatory school. After that he will go to Yale, and when he has graduated there he will go out West to make his fortune. When he has made his fortune we shall be married. Oh, it all seems so beautiful."

SURPRISE SOAP

While good for all general purposes has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Guns, Ammunition and Fishing Tackle

AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLY HOUSE

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 YONGE STREET TORONTO

Her Weapon of Defence.

He was a masher, and when the swell girl got into the street car he spotted her and began his operations.

He looked her in evident admiration, and in a minute or two had added a half smile. Soon he made this a full smile, quite tender and fetching, and wholly innocent and sweet. Then he gazed a while fondly, and with a faraway, you'll-lose-me-if-you-don't-catch-on expression, and the girl became nervous.

She tried to conceal her consciousness, but it grew into embarrassment, and at last she was about to leave the car when the lorgnettes she carried in her belt came to her rescue.

Then you should have seen her. She took them out, opened them, brushed them with a dainty handkerchief, set them on her haughty nose, and turned upon her enemy. He smiled as before, but only once. The steely stare of those insulate lorgnettes had fastened itself upon him. There was no response in them to his wiles. They were cold, cruel, tyrannical, invincible, irresistible.

He squirmed under their basilisk glassiness, and looked out of the window.

But they followed him.

They crept over his helpless feet, which seemed to him to extend clear across the car; they followed slowly up the faint gray line of his trowsers; they spread out over his cheerful-hued vest; they grasped the lapels of his coat; they withered the rose in his buttonhole; they dallied with his new seventy-five cent cravat; they moved triumphantly around his collar; they dangled their claws in his mustache; they tweaked his nose; they chilled his eyes; they rumpled his hair; they marched in dreadful monotony around his hat, and then they went slowly to his feet and began their awful work over again.

But human endurance has its limit, and as the torturing lorgnettes, with the pretty girl's eyes behind them, came to his face once more, he made a wild, impulsive dive for the rear platform, and with one horrified look over his shoulder, only to see them calm and cruel as ever, he dashed from the car and was lost in the crowd.

Then his girl smiled softly and stuck them in her belt again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Indigestion! Miserable! Take BRECHAM'S PILLS.

Perilous Riding on the Iron Horse.

"Did you ever ride on a locomotive?" asked O. G. Hoskins. "I tried it once and have no desire to repeat the experiment. It was out in Colorado, where you sometimes run so close to bottomless chasms that you could drop your hat into them, and make turns so short and sudden that it nearly dislocates your spinal vertebræ. The master mechanic was an old friend of mine and gave me permission to ride over the road on the engine of the lightning express. The engineer did not appear to fancy my presence much, but treated me civilly. We were behind time, the night was black as Erebus, and a terrific thunder storm was raging. The engineer was determined to go in on time, and the way he rushed around those curves and across canyons was enough to make a man's hair turn gray.

"The peculiar thing about those mountain engines is that they do not take a curve like any other vehicle. They go plunging straight ahead until you feel sure that they are clear of the track and suspended in mid air, and then shoot around and leave you to wonder by what miracle you have been saved. The trucks take the curve in the orthodox manner, but the superstructure leaves the track and describes more time in making the turn. With the lightning playing about the mountain peaks and half disclosing the frightful gorges and swollen torrents, the great iron leviathan swaying and plunging along that slippery, serpentine track, I first realized the perils of railway travel and the responsibility of the sullen man who kept his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track. I stood with my heart in my throat, fascinated, but nervous, but not carrying his nerves. At the first stop I clambered back into the coach and stayed there."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Easily Satisfied.

She (still blushing)—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

He—No, darling; but you are the last.

She—Am I really? O, George, it makes me so happy to think that.

Economical.

Mrs. O'Hare—Faith, 'tis an illegant job me man has, now, Mrs. McClune. 'Tis a nightwatchman.

Mrs. McClune—And how in the wurrold do you call that an illegant job, Mrs. O'Hare?

Mrs. O'Hare—Why, sure, he sleeps all day, an' thaves his board; and he works all night—an' that saves his lodgin'!

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LACROSSE STICKS
AND
Athletic Requisites of All Kinds
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ARTISTIC Photos in Black and White, mat finish
BEAUTIFUL Steel Engraving Effect
WALKER
147 Yonge Street

No Need of It.

"It's getting warm, isn't it?" said one young chicken to another which had just emerged from the shell.

"Yes," replied the other. "That's the reason I left off my ova coat."

A Sorry Condition.

"Times is gittin' harder an' harder on the deservin' poor," he said when the luck-keeper invited him not to interest himself in the crackers and cheese. "No free silver, no free trade, no free lunch and no nothin'."

Two Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on Tuesday, August 30, and September 27, 1898.

Where the grasses are kissed by the wand'ring breeze
And the fields are rich with the golden grain;
Where the sickonee plunks through the prairie seas,
To its destined port on the western plain;
Where homes may never be sought in vain,
Nor hope is fled, thrilling hearts to cheer;
Where man may ever his rights maintain,
And land is as free as the wind blows.

For further particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

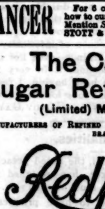
A Cutting Rebuke.

Elder Sister—(to Rosilie, who is a typewriter in a big law office downtown).—Why are you so late getting home?

Rosilie—I really couldn't help it; at five o'clock Mr. Briefton began a long dictation, and I had to take it.

Elder Sister—Doesn't he know that you are to leave at five? What did you say to him for keeping you so late?

Rosilie—I didn't say anything; but my manner was not at all cordial.



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Training a Husband.

That I must have a confidant is clear. Just think of me, a woman, keeping a secret a whole year, and such a joke, such a series of jokes! I laugh every time I think of them.

There is not one human being I dare trust; they would either be to amused or so shocked that they would disclose everything and then—that is a catastrophe I do not care to anticipate.

I will tell the world—not one, but all—then who need whisper what all know? I thus relieve my mind, for all who care to share with me my laughter, and keep my secret too; for even my husband may read and smile, and never dream—dear, innocent soul!—that he is the hero of my truthful tale. I will so alter and reconstruct his outward appearance and picture so truthfully his personality that he will not only fail to recognize the portrait, but swear it was not meant for him.

Fred is a good-looking, stylish fellow, on the right side of thirty.

"That might be me," exclaim all the young husbands reading this, emphatically, if not grammatically.

But he is the most obstinate, conceited, selfish man you can imagine.

"Oh, that must be some other fellow," they all exclaim.

On the other hand, I am very charming, pretty, stylish, and amiable. I am not yet twenty-five, and know more than your dear Fred ever began to. As I am the only person who would recognize this portrait—except, possibly, my mother—I consider my character sufficiently disguised to let my story safely.

Fred and I had been married four years, and wedded life had begun to lose some of its charms. I had no family or household cares to occupy me. We lived in a town noted for its social life, but Fred, from being a society youth, a leader of the "German," had forsworn such vanities. Things were "slow." When Fred came home at night from smoking and gossiping down town—he called it business—we would have to get up a quarrel after dinner, just to amuse ourselves.

Finally Fred got in the habit of telegraphing home and staying down to dine with "the boys," while I took my meal in solitary state; or, if he dined with me, in the evening he would drop in later at the club for a game of whist, as a last straw he became interested in the militia, and had about decided to join the "National Guard."

Now there was a very silly thing which I would not have had Fred know for anything. Despite his selfishness and his looking upon me as an "off-told tale," I was still very fond of him. Even the quarrels we had of late were near me, were better than absence and indifference. I was truly unhappy, but felt quite helpless, as I had little faith in protestations and remonstrances. I knew, from my own experience, that what Fred needed was novelty and excitement.

I do wish something would happen! If the house would catch fire, or I could have a fever—not a bad one," I exclaimed aloud one night as I sat alone in the house. Our solitary maid was out with her "soldier boy," and Fred had "dropped in" at a neighbor's for a game of cards.

There was a rustling sound at one of the windows.

"Burglars!" I whispered joyously; but alas! it was only a stray breeze playing box with some loose leaves. I would not be disappointed—I would have burglars. I determined to experiment. Private theatricals were my joy, and Fred had just vetoed my taking part in some. He did not approve of them since our marriage, though he had been very enthusiastic in amateur theatricals formerly.

"Well, young man," I soliloquized, "I will get up some private theatricals myself, and as there are no love scenes, perhaps you won't object. If you are good you can have a complimentary ticket."

I went down to the kitchen, and with a knife handle broke a pane of glass, making a place large enough for a man's arm to go through. Then I turned the catch and left the window unfastened.

"This is where 'my burglar' got in," I explained.

Next I opened the sideboard drawers and rather disturbed their contents.

"No use, Mr. Burglar," I laughed; "silver is all upstairs."

I was becoming quite interested in "my burglar" by this time. I pictured him as tall and cross-eyed, with a scar on his left cheek. I would know him again anywhere if I met him—as there was no danger of my doing.

In going through the hall I disarranged the rugs, as a person would be likely to do in making a hasty exit. Upstairs I upset the contents of three bureau drawers in a heap on the floor, feloniously purloining some empty purses.

The scenery now being ready, it was high time for the actors to "make up." Rouge! Out of the question. Lily white! With discretion—it would never do to have the water they might dash in my face run off like city milk. Hair, loose and disheveled as brush could make it. Bruises! Well, I did try them with ink; but, not being much of an artist, decided to omit them. A few rents in an old gown added considerably to my picturesque appearance.

Ten o'clock and eight minutes. All ready! Ring up the curtain while I bring in the audience.

I hurriedly ran downstairs, turned out the hall light and threw the front door wide open. No one to slight. I threw an empty purse upon the step and hurried to the telephone. I rang violently, then, dropping the earpiece, where I allowed it to remain, I screamed:

"Burglars! Burglars! Burglars! Help! My husband! Sniffins! Call him! Help! O—o—h!"

Still screaming and calling as I left the "phone," I hustled about in a couple of chairs, making a distracting noise. Then, hearing approaching footsteps, I threw myself upon the floor and lay apparently swooning.

In rushed Fred, the Sniffins, and several others.

"How was it? Did they get anything? Are you hurt? How many were there? How did they get in? Where did he get out?" were only a few of the questions, all asked at once.

As I could not answer all, I merely screamed.

Of course Fred was frightened about me, so to keep his interest up I had a regulation attack of hysterics. I really could not help them, I was so suffocated with laughter. It was such fun to see them so excited! I had fully intended to tell them in a few minutes, but Fred enjoyed himself so hugely, he was in such a delightful state of importance, I had not the heart to crush him.

By the time I was completely restored and had washed off the powder and fixed my hair, the neighbors came in for particulars, brought out refreshments, and Fred told a hundred times how he had found me fainting, and that he was certain the thief had entered by the kitchen window.

Really, it was the pleasantest evening we had passed for months, and "Mollie's burglar" was a boon to the neighborhood. It is needless to say he was never found.

The following evening Fred took me to the theater, "to cheer me up," he said. For several nights following the neighbors called to enquire. These calls had to be returned, and every evening found us together among our friends. My theatricals were a lasting success.

As the time passed I could not fail to see that Fred regarded me as quite advanced in years, though I had just reached the quarter of a century mark. He began to pay attentions to the young ladies he met in society. I could not say he flirted, but it looked very much like that popular amusement.

"Mollie," Fred said to me one day, "I would not dance so much if I were you."

"Why?" I innocently asked.

"Because, my dear, when a woman gets to be your age it is really better taste to sit down most of the time, and make room for the girls."

"I will sit down every dance with you, Fred," I responded beamingly.

He frowned.

"I did not mean exactly that, Mollie. Of course I would prefer it, but there are generally so few dancing men I feel it my—ahem!—duty to dance."

"That is very thoughtful of you, dear. And since it is at best only a disagreeable duty, be sure you dance with that homely Miss Smith—she is so seldom has a partner."

He said nothing, but slammed the door rather hard as he went out, and it is needless to say his sense of duty did not lead to poor Miss Smith.

There was no question in my mind that he was very much interested in one of that season's "belles," a girl favoring red and-but-ter and the schoolroom. Men display such peculiar taste in such matters. Of course I was foolish to be jealous of Fred's harmless attentions; still, they were such as he would not have liked me to receive. I knew jealousy was the medicine Fred needed, but how to administer it was the problem. Flirt myself I would not—I had too much self-respect for that.

An inspiration! My medicine, like the physician's sugar pills and colored water, should be a justifiable hoax.

I took a pen and wrote in a broad, masculine hand:

"Mollie,—You know not how I suffer when I see you and realize now that we are indeed parted forever. My only comfort is his indifference. While he is dancing with others I can be at your side looking into those azure eyes, listening to the voice I love so well. Darling, why did you choose him in preference to one who worshipped you? A word and a smile from you would change my greatest treasures. Surely in time his coldness and my devotion will turn your heart to one who, in all these years, has never wavered in his devotion."

When I finished this absurd letter I folded it many times, and creased it that he might think it long carried and often read; then I dropped it where Fred could not fail to find it.

It worked charmingly. Fred came down to dinner with a countenance usually reserved for a fall in stocks and began by finding fault with the meal, as men generally do. I might draw comparisons.

"Darling, would you mind very much if we did not attend Anderson's reception to-night? I have a headache," said Fred.

"Darling!" I had been nothing better than "Mrs. S." or "Mollie" for months.

"I am sorry you feel ill, Fred," I said, going over and kissing him, for I had some compunctions; "but hadn't we better try and go? You know the girls will be so disappointed; they depend on you so much as a partner."

The girls be hanged!" he exclaimed under his breath, but I heard it with joy.

"Shall I read to you, dear?"

He gladly accepted my offer, and cheered up somewhat when he found I did not seriously object to remaining at home with him. The poor fellow grieved so that many times I could with difficulty refrain from telling my secret; but the thought of those odious girls would seal my lips.

Fred never referred to the letter, but was so devoted to me when we went into society that no opportunity offered for my former lovers to know me their constancy, had anyone been so inclined.—*Miss G. Syroson in Tit-Bits.*

A Siasconset Fish Story.

A number of ancient fishermen were telling stories of their early days in the quaint little village of Siasconset. They sat on the porch of summer visitors in the town, and they seemed to enjoy the yarns which were being spun immensely. Finally an old, dried up man with purple wen on his neck and a handful of white chin whiskers, said:

"Talk about the whaling days in Siasconset, why I can remember when the whales were so thick around here that it was a common thing for them to crawl upon the shore like turtles to sun themselves."

"How long ago was that?" asked an anxious bystander.

"About forty years ago," replied the old man, "and in those days the whales had oil in them, too, that was worth talking about. I have seen them tap a whale and by the time the oil was out of him there didn't seem to be skin enough left to cover a baseball. But now they are kinder non-explosive."

"What do you mean by non-explosive?" asked a bystander, as he handed the hoary grandsire of Siasconset a flask with which to warm himself up a bit.

"I mean," replied the Siasconsetar, as he handed the flask back with a smile, "that the whales used to be so full of oil that if you put a match to one of them and lit it, it would burn for almost six months."

The crowd became very attentive as the old man continued:

"We used to burn chunks of whale in the stove, and it made the finest fire you ever saw. We had the whale, or part of one, hanging up like a sheep in the back yard, and whenever we wanted to start a fire we would just step out with a hatchet and chop a chunk or two that would fit the stove—

"Have another drink!" interrupted the man with the flask.

"I don't mind if I do," replied the ancient Siasconsetar.

Here he took a good pull, and handing the flask back, continued in a sad, reflective tone:

"I can remember an old whaler who has been dead a great many years. His end was very sad."

"How did he die?" asked a bystander.

"Killed by a whale," said the grand sire of Siasconset.

"Out on the water, of course," suggested the stranger.

"No; out in his back yard."

"Hit him with his tail?"

"No," replied the Siasconset romancer. "You see the old man hauled off at the whale with his hatchet——"

"And the whale bit him in half before he could strike?"

"Not much; the whale was dead."

"Then how could he have killed your ancient friend?"

"This way," said the old man deliberately; "he dropped a spark by accident out of his pipe and it fell upon the whale. The whale exploded like a kerosene oil lamp, and scattered my friend from Siasconset to Tuckahoe. As it was night the sparks could be sighted up for miles, and over at Martha's Vineyard they thought Nantucket was having its first volcano. I tell you the whales in the old days were——" Here the Siasconsetar looked around to find that all his hearers had slipped softly away, the summer visitors, in all probability, overcome by his graceful, easy-going style of dealing with the truth, and his compatriots sick to the core with envy.

An Unfortunate Subject.

Mr. Reeder (impressively)—Were you aware, my dear, that the Newfoundland fisheries yielded 50,204,322 codfish for the market, last season?

Mrs. Reeder—No, dear; but that reminds me that the grocer hasn't sent the codfish I ordered for to-morrow's breakfast, and you'll have to go down to the store right away and get some!

The Force of Habit.

A business man of this city who has peculiar views concerning the limitations of language, sent for one of his clerks recently and said:

"Simpson, I am told you are in the habit of using a great many expletives in your conversation."

"Great Scott! sir, what are they?" asked Simpson in awe-struck tones.

"There, I have the proof from your own lips, you see, and I desire a more correct form of speech from you in future."

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed Simpson excitedly, "we're not running a Y. M. C. A., are we, sir?"

"No," answered his employer, "but is there any necessity for employing such emphatic language in your daily conversation?"

"Great Cæsar! How can a man help—I beg your pardon, sir, I will set a watch on my lips—it's the force of habit, I know."

Mr. Simpson bowed himself out and his lovelorks at once asked him if he had been called in by the "boss" to have his salary increased.

"Jumping Jerusalem, no," he said. Then he suddenly became mute, and refused to say another word for the rest of the afternoon.

Negro Talk.

"I'm po'ly, honey, po'ly. Ky'ant spec' to hold togedder much longer, wid de pains roun' hyar, an' numony lyin' roun' in de chest, an' cramps constant. I'm breakin', breakin' fast. De good Lord sen's punishment to dem dat needs His 'flictin' rod; He's gettin' me ready, I s'pose. But de debbil, he trabbels fas'; done catch up ef I done be mighty spry."

As she went on, the old woman swayed her body to and fro, repeating the tale of her misfortunes as if to an inward accompaniment of merriment. Her laugh seemed to have spread over the entire surface of her whole frame.

Then, all at once, a sudden earnestness seized upon her. She leaned over, close to Glory, to whisper with suppressed eagerness:

"Yer ain't done got married yet, chile!"

"No," Glory replied lightly, looking down in the earnest black face. She was laughing now into the solemn young face fixed upon her. "No, not yet, Sukey; nobody'll have me."

"How ole you gettin', chile?" The black eyes rebuked Glory's levity by a still more impressive solemnity in their gaze.

"I'm nineteen, Sukey, las' May."

"Fer de Lord's sake, honey! done hurry up and ketch some un," cried the gorgeous, holding up her chocolate arms in the fervor and heat of her admonition. But Glory continued to smile, the smile broadening into a laugh at the old woman's earnest fear of the hopelessness of her still unmated condition.

"The trouble is, Sukey, there isn't anybody to catch, Glory answered at last through her laugh.

"Dar mus' be some un, honey; de Lord neber made no gals like you ter go fru life lone maids: 'tain't de way de Lord works nohow. Dar's some un 'll 'ong, you jes' see ef dar woan. Hit look like dat to me: he's roun' de corner, an' maybe yer'll fine him knockin' at de do' when you get home. An' you jes' le'h 'im in, honey; done mek no great ter-do, for dar ain't no time ter lose, nohow. An' Glory, continued the negress with increasing fervor of intensity, as she took hold of Glory's falling skirts with both her strong black hands, and lifted her shining face, glistening with the warmth of her appeal, "you jes' be kyarful how you marries de second time. For time ain't no account, nohow; dey's sure ter die or be killed off, or somethin' happens, likely 'nuff. But de second one, he's de one dat stays by yer—he's dar, sure's yer skin, an' dar ain't no getin' rid ob him no more'n rheumatics or de taxes; he's roun' constant. You 'member what 'spectable nigger Jeff was, my fust husband? Well, Ben, you know, he's diff'rent; he's 'jes a low-down, no 'count nigger, lyin' roun' drinkin' and cussin' 'nuff ter try de sperrit ob der archangel. Goodknows I've had 'nuff ob second husbands."

Judge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

Thar's never a short crop ov politicks.

A statesman that stays pore ought never to be out ov a job.

"Ye can't holpe," before some men's names don't know what it is thar fer.

A politishan that kin lie and won't, is kep pray blind, ketch on to his ability.

Some men that is in favor of paper money will vote fer silver and take thar pay in gold; and vice versy.

Don't look a boughten vote in the mouth.

An angel in politicks will shed his wings after the first campane.

Patriotic for money ought to be in the penitenshary.

Ee betwixt the farm and the forum choose the farm.

The shrewd politishan watches his friends as close as he does his enemies.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Little Johnnie Was All Right.

Mrs. Terwilliger had the misfortune to occupy the flat directly underneath the Browns, and every day she was driven to the verge of insanity by the noise made by little Johnnie. She was just on the point of making a complaint when she met Mrs. Brown, who was engaged in tying a piece of crape on her door knob.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed; "is there a death in your family?"

"Yes, my dear," sobbed Mrs. Brown; "it is my poor old grandmother."

"I'm so sorry," sympathized Mrs. Terwilliger; "I thought it was that mischievous little boy of yours."

In the Matter of Drink.

Yesterday afternoon the conductor and driver of a Madison avenue street car had a discussion about how much water a horse should get on a hot day.

"They ought to put a trough there," said the conductor; "that bucket they're giving that fellow will hardly wet his throat."

"If they'd put a trough there he'd drink himself sick."

"Oh, he wouldn't."

"I say yes."

"And I say no. Take a man. You let him drink all he wants. The horse wouldn't drink any more than he wanted."

"A man's a fool, so's a horse," said the conductor. "Put a man in front of a keg and he won't stop when he's got enough. Put a horse in front of a trough and he'll drink as much as a man. Neither one of 'em likes to let any go to waste, and when you have had as much to do with men and horses as I have you'll know something."

The driver was about to make a funny remark when the whistle blew and the horses started off uptown.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Stub Ends of Thought.

It isn't every dog that would endure the treatment some women do.

The rooster does the crowing, but the hen lays the eggs.

No woman is what any other woman thinks she is.

There is a rainbow in a young widow's tears.

Great wealth is a great beautifier.

Those hands are most beautiful which do the most good.

Men think unkind things; women say them.

While a man is learning mathematics a woman is learning manners.

A woman is known by the clothes she wears.

Words and women are wedded.

Her last Gasp.

Rescuer—Miss Properleigh, give me your hand.

Drowning Maiden (preparing to sink for the third time)—Oh, Mr. Manley; this is so sudden! so unexpected! You will have to ask mammar.

He Wasn't Up.

'Rastus (softly)—Say, 'Lige, poke yo' shirt in behin'; it's all hangin' out. Hurry, befo' Miss Lippincott sees yo!

Lige—Yo's crazy, man! Das mah sash. I'll knock de mouf offen yo'.

Substantial Credit.

Hobbs—I think young Smith deserves a lot of credit for keeping up so fine an establishment on so small an income.

Dobbs—Well, he gets it. He owes pretty nearly everybody around town.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Specimens must be sworn in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, wraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Department, Exclusive unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

Angelica—You did not enclose coupon.

Joyce.—Your delineation was published four months ago.

Esther.—Your writing was studied long ago from the first specimen you sent.

Agatha, Orilla.—Large imagination, love of beauty and energy, benevolent, social instincts, care and original thought are shown in your writing.

Fanny A. G.—A pretty fancy, rather a quick temper, some humor, originality and fondness of one; hope, energy, love of society, and wit are shown.

Square Fir.—See delineation of Aunt Toni. This writing has greater independence and force, but its of much the same stamp, and should be in some near relation to the aforesaid lady.

Hilda.—1. The Grand Opera House seats 1850 I have already answered this question several times. 2. Your writing is earnest, self-willed and impulsive, rather nervous, kind-hearted, discreet and with refined taste and feeling.

Gipsy Queen.—You are strong and constant, rather large-minded, and liberal in your ideas; a little self conscious, persistent, with high ideals and good executive power. You like your own opinions, and though cheerful are not boyish nor disposed to be frivolous.

Aunt Toni.—This is a merry, sweet-tempered and pleasant person, fond of fun, easily pleased, and not easily discouraged, tact yet discreet, with some pride, but not marked self-assertion. I should think rather an accomplished story teller and good mimic.

Praxiphilo.—This is a rather practical and decidedly bright and hopeful nature, with pretty good temper, carefful method and decided love of life's good things, some enterprise and an outspoken nature, with good taste, and probably love of music and art are evident

Cue.—This is rather modified and affected writing, showing a lack of ease and freedom. The writer is rather quiet in manner, though fond of amusement, of a very practical and matter-of-fact nature, hard to get at and know, but some cleverness and good self-respect. Writer is slightly prejudiced and given to strong likes and dislikes, and is, I fancy, not very experienced in life's school as yet.

Top-Sail.—Abundant vitality, hasty judgment, some impatience and rather quick temper. Writer is fond of novelty, slightly capricious and inconstant, open in speech, and rather quick-tempered, hope and ambition are high, and I think that the writer of this letter will achieve what he undertakes if he only sticks to his point, for the writing shows marked power and probability of success.

Wanghan.—1. Your letter has been so long mislaid, that I hope your condition is over and cured. The peculiarity of it is a sign of defective health and were you in good health otherwise would doubtless cure itself. I could not give you medical advice in this column, but you have, I hope, seen this, seen a physician. 2. Your writing shows excessive constancy and stubborn will, good energy and rather an ardent and proud nature, generosity and truth are marked, and you should be a pretty nice girl, Wanghan.

Lynne Bowen.—No, not at present, I agree with you. I never find fault with the advertisers for filling up the street car roofs with their placards, but I should wish the attention you suggest, quotations from Shakespeare or Bible verses. Just fancy reading "Blessed are the merciful," when you had just made the fortune pa cager for one single horse to pull up Sherbourne street. No, thank you. Horse's mottled scap is pa ferable to Shakespeare and the Bible, so far as distributing the words of sweet cane is concerned. Your writing is too crude for delineation, though it gives promise of a good hand.

Tar.—You took a funny view of the rule that a study must consist of six lines of original matter. One may write original matter, though one has quotations, and very good studies come in, every day, of that kind. You have fun and love of mischief enough to make you think it was a little out of the coupon rule. Your writing shows fancy and humor, though not much smartness or energy. You have a good temper and self-control, adaptability, care and perseverance. I think I must medile you also with some sensuality in spite of your mildness. Your perception is slightly faulty, but temper excellent and your discretion great.

Vigilia.—I never "sequined any verses." I do wonder if this is another wicked at the Coupon Rules. This correspondent says he won't take up my time by saying too much, I will simply say that he writes like a fool. Not when a man writes verses to get a graphological delineation I think he should take more time to consider the question, and I hasten to hold up the mirror to his poetic soul. Writing shows a strong and erratic will, cleverness and some conceit, ambition, imagination, lack of intuition and very crude taste; discretion and caution are also shown, but lack of refinement and culture are sadly evident.

Pure.—Your request for the proper addresses of all the crowned heads in Europe, "including Prince Bismark," was very amusing. Get a geography and send your letters to the capital cities of each Kingdom, if is to letters and diplomatic notes are going to be sent. Your letter, however, not one of the crowned heads, but you can find him at his retreat at Friedrichshafen, Germany. I must tell you, however, that the crowned heads of Europe won't even see your letters, their secretaries will open, read, and probably pitch them in the waste basket. Some of your disconsolate letters which are sent to the crowned heads they may be permitted to peruse one, therefore I advise you not to consider stamps.

Juliet.—How are you to tell when you are in love? Now did anyone ever ask a sillier question? You will probably feel slightly more silly than usual, and perhaps lose your appetite and write rhymes, cultivate a gloomy temper and be miserable. If you have a good constitution, you will be an ot ject of derision to all sensible folks, for you will ride hand in hand with the beloved object in the day time, eat the sweet oats, and will growl about the hays in the dunk. You will do anything absurd and atrocious that the object of your affections may ask you, for you will be death or matrimony. Now, I think I have cheerfully answered your questions and perhaps you can pick out a definition from my remarks. Perhaps it will be thought of becoming a name is realized it may save you, but I don't believe it will escape your fate. Yes, you will grown.

Ten Tum.—So you'd like to see me, would you, my little Heathen Chinee. Well, perhaps after you read your horoscope you will change your mind, and not care. I am going your way in a week or two, and I shall be on the lookout for your small feet and twinkling eyes. You don't seem much like a Chinee by your writing. Let us see what it tells. You are rather idealistic, very warm-hearted and earnest, but discreet enough to hold your tongue when needful; judgment is not is faltible, generally large, hope and ambition the same. You are constant and affectionate, but very decided in your opinions, though you don't assert yourself much. Your main faults are lack of concentration and self-control. You are apt to act first and think afterwards, though you are rather cautious and reserved. I think your tastes and talents would well repay more culture.

Culinary Notes

"I suppose," said Miss Beecker to her friend from Cincinnati, "that you boil your river water before using it."

"Well, no," replied Miss Buckeye. "Our usual custom is to slice it thin and fry it."

THE ARTIST'S FINGERPOST

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HEAD

Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Music.

THE position of choirmaster of the Church of the Redeemer, rendered vacant by Mr. Schuch's appointment to St. James' Cathedral, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Walter H. Robinson of Hamilton. Mr. Robinson is a young man of considerable promise and experience. He has shown himself a capable chorus master and should do well in his new sphere. Mr. Robinson has also been fortunate enough to be appointed instructor in vocal music at Upper Canada College, a post until recently held by Mr. Haslam, so that he will begin his new career in Toronto under very favorable circumstances.

•

Miss Lilli Kleiser, for two years one of the sopranos of the Church of the Redeemer, and more recently soloist at the Broadway Tabernacle, has been engaged to assist the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church under Mr. A. S. Vogt, and will assume her new duties on her return from her transcontinental trip in September.

•

I have had a call from Mr. H. W. Webster, who has been a chorister of Magdalen College, Oxford, of Westminster Abbey, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City, and Professor of Vocal Music at De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind. Mr. Webster has some thought of establishing himself in Toronto.

•

Mr. O. B. Sheppard, with his wonted energy, opens the Grand Opera House on Monday, August 29, with the Tar and Tartar, bringing a chorus of fifty voices and the following principals: Miss Annie Myers, Miss Matilde Cottrelly, Miss Louise Royce, Miss Emma Blanchard, Mr. William Pruette, Mr. Fred Frear, Mr. Charles Myers and Mr. H. M. Ravenscroft.

•

Mr. Bert Kennedy, son of Lieut.-Col. Kennedy of Winnipeg, well known to Toronto people, has decided to locate here as a teacher of banjo, guitar and mandolin.

•

The scheme of the World's Fair at Chicago next year embraces many musical features. Orchestral concerts on a large scale will be given; choral concerts by local and visiting societies will be among the attractions, and a new military band is being organized and will be under the direction of Mr. Philip Sousa, late bandmaster of the United States Marine Band. The promoters are making energetic efforts to secure the presence of choral societies and Mr. William L. Tomlins of Chicago, who is entrusted with this commission, was in Toronto for a few hours last week, and found out in that time that the Toronto Philharmonic Society was the only society of the kind fit to be invited to visit and take part in the musical melange of the great fair!

•

Mr. Robert Hall, who was at one time organist of Immanuel Baptist Church here, has been visiting his friends during the last month. Mr. Hall is now living at Little Rock, Ark., where he had a very successful season. He has a large teaching practice, a good choir, and has conducted an amateur performance of Dorothy with great success.

•

I hear that the vocal teachers of Toronto are likely to have an addition to their ranks in the person of Mr. Clement Tetedoux of New York, who is spoken of as being a probable member of the staff of the Toronto College of Music.

•

So we see that the force of professional musicians in Toronto is constantly growing in numbers. The practical result of such a numerical strength may be seen on all sides. Almost all of our teachers are doing well, and many of them making handsome incomes, and on the whole the work done here will in its excellence compare more than favorably with the musical progress among students in other cities of Toronto's size. During the summer you may see every day and everywhere, young people with music rolls on their way to or from their lessons, and even now, during the dog days, on any Sunday you may see numerous young people with fiddle-box or cornet case on their way to the Sunday school orchestra. This latter institution is growing in popularity, and I hear of several new ones being contemplated.

•

There can be no doubt that Toronto is already a musical center of considerable importance, especially when its workers are considered. That musical enterprises are not always supported as they should be is not to be taken as gainsaying the proposition. Those who make and teach music are pushing along in spite of the occasional want of support, and will yet make themselves felt and win popular appreciation of the financial sort. Much has been said and written lately of the influence of certain institutions and certain individuals in the direction of making Toronto a musical center, but it must not be forgotten that every teacher who gives a good honest lesson, every choirmaster who gives a well rounded service, and every executant who gives a good and proper rendition of his number on a concert programme—every one of these does as much towards making the city a musical center as the bigger men or schools.

•

We are all working together for good, even if we do, once in a while, fall out when each says the other fellow knows nothing. The only thing that is wanted to make Toronto quite the peer of the most pretentious cities in America, is a permanent orchestra which shall play not too infrequently. With this addition to our educational forces we should be in an enviable position. There is, fortunately, considerable likelihood of something of the kind taking shape. Then the difficulty will be to persuade young music students to go to its concerts. How would it do to make the final rehearals public to *bona fide* music students only? This would not interfere with the financial prospects of the concerts proper, and would give students the boon of hearing the music at a low rate of admission. In another respect we might improve, and that is in the matter of public organ recitals. Last season only one organist in Toronto attempted this, yet we have many men who are capable and, I am sure, willing. What they need is the patience and the enterprise to make their efforts known first of all, then to go on until attendance is secured. These midsummer thoughts may yet, I hope, bring forth fruit in due season.

METRONOME.

The Lakes of Muskoka.

KIND circumstances enabled me to get away for a fortnight, and sensible friends advised me to spend my holidays among the islands and on the lakes of Muskoka. The Grand Trunk Railway, although it is often accused of not evincing as much enterprise as such an import ant road should in a young country, cannot, to my notion, receive anything but praise for the way in which it has sought to develop the summer resort business of Muskoka. The train and boat service from the Union station at Toronto right up to Port Cockburn at the head of Lake Joseph, or to Rosseau at the head of Lake Rosseau, is uniformly excellent. I have spent vacations at some of the American fashionable resorts, where the prices are higher than the mountains and more thrillingly unique than anything in the landscape; at Mackinac, where men of small capacity try to swindle you out of your money, and do it so clumsily as to make you mad; at Petoskey and Harbor Springs on Lake Michigan, where hay fever patients come to sneeze away the glad and joyous summer season; at other places, where mosquitoes are so numerous and enormous that many of them weigh a pound—it takes a good many—but on so much of the green earth as I have visited, nowhere have I found the delights held so cheap as in the Muskoka Lake region.

I have read in Holy Writ of jasper walls and golden streets, but have never heard that Paradise will be adorned with lakes and rivers, so think it probable that the Architect of the universe accepted an opportunity in the creation of Muskoka to erect a divine perfection not sought after elsewhere in the formation of a world designed for busy man.

The Grand Trunk train runs right to the wharf at Gravenhurst and there the steamer Nipissing awaits to take tourists up to the head of Lake Joseph, and the steamer Kenozah stands pretilly impatient for a run to the head of Lake Rosseau. These boats are officered by obliging men, and as I made both trips I tested the comforts of each vessel. Dodging about among innumerable islands on one of these boats is truly delightful. Until a little canal was sunk at Port Sandfield tourists seldom went up Lake Joseph, unless a few who undertook the trip in sail boats or canoes, but now the lake steamers ride through the white waters of the lake every day. Nobody has, to my knowledge, ever explained why the waters of this lake are white while those of the other Muskoka lakes are of a dark or tawny color.

At Bruce Lake the fishing is splendid, and I walked over from the Paignton House and captured some fine bass and pike. The hotel is about four miles from Port Sandfield, and Bruce Lake lies about one or two miles behind the hotel. You can see it from the rear windows, upstairs. Fishing in Lake Rosseau off the hotel dock, is like a number of other things in life: it is very promising but does not pan out well. Two of us went down and cast our lines off the dock, and our eyes were bulging out with great expectancy. Through the transluceut water, stretched idly on the bottom, we could see great big fish about a yard long. Some of them looked bigger than that, but I will call them an even yard. We braced ourselves for a great effort of strength at first, but those fish had no intention of hauling us into the water as we supposed. They were obliging to us, our lines, our bait. They simply were there on exhibition. They were there to be fished for, not to be caught. We wiggled our lines around and got the baited hooks square under the slothful creatures' noses, but they would not take hold, only showing that they were alive by moving half an inch to one side to avoid getting hooked in the eye. If this comes under the notice of others who fished in vain for those phlegmatic pike, they will be pleased to hear of the desperate revenge we meted out to them after we had wasted an hour and tried two or three kinds of bait. My friend was of a very bad temper and if he did not swear his language plainly indicated his anger, but he cooled off a little as he conceived a scheme of vengeance.

"Look here, John," he said, "if you will hold my clothes and watch that none of the women folks come down and catch me, I'll peel off and raise Cain down there among 'em. Yes, I will! Look at that big fellow about seven feet long—I'd like to get one good kick at him."

By this time he was nearly undressed. He walked around to find a good place where he could sneak in without noise, and he said he'd punch those fish all around the floor of Lake Rosseau. I watched over the edge of the dock and soon a long white streak shot along the bottom, square among those astonished fish. The agitation of the water prevented me from seeing what happened, but when the Avenger arose about twenty feet away and blew the water from his nose and eyes, I saw that the fish were gone.

"I hit him! I fetched him a corker right on the back of the neck," he cried. Then he swam around until he saw one of them and he dived again—there never was such a fellow to dive, and he could pick up a pin from the bottom of the lake where there were no weeds. He dived and came up yelling, came ashore and got his knife and dived again with it open and ready for business. He stabbed at and hustled those fish around for an hour, but no one would be lieve me if I said he killed four of them, or that he came up once with a fin in his hand and once with a pike's tail, so I will not say so. Next day we went down there again fishing, and while the big one was absent the others stood around as unconcerned as ever. Then we both went to the edge of the dock and pulled off our coats. Before we could get a good hold on our poles both hooks were gripped fast—the fish knew the penalty of refusing to bite. They knew we would come in there and mop the floor with them—and they preferred to get caught. The two fish thus secured satisfied us, for they were nearly three feet in length.

I could write four columns about Muskoka and the fine bathing on the sloping beach in front of the Paignton House, but the editor might not care to publish nor the public to read it.

JOHN.

A Post-nuptial Disclosure.

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Count—Vell, you know, I vos vonce a conductor on a street car.

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Sweet Eighteen—He's engaged.

Sweet Sixteen—How do you know?

Sweet Eighteen—His coatsleeves bag at the elbows.

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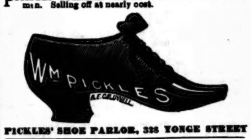

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

predecessors in enjoyment, and a very merry and pretty party gathered at the Club Assembly Room at Center Island. Among the tasteful and becoming costumes were those of Miss Patriarche, white muslin and lavender ribbons; Mrs. Andrews, yellow and white; Miss Maclean, white muslin; Miss L. Howard, cream delaine; Miss Beatty, navy blue; Miss N. McDonald, pink and white; Mrs. Godfrey, white muslin; Miss Arthurs, pale pink; Mrs. Bartlett, pink; Miss Watson, pale blue and white lace; Mrs. Smellie, cream. Among the guests I also noticed: Miss Francis, Miss Labatt of London, Mrs. Hilton, the Misses Milligan, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Beattie, Miss Vivian, Mrs. De La Fosse, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Dr. Lehmann, Messrs. Andrews, Bartlett, Hilton, Ross, Gordon, Beattie, Gault, Maclean, Branshaw, Crealman, Eastman, Macras, McNaughton, Pemberton, Noxon, McWhinney, Cassells, Beattie, De La Fosse, Neville, Smith, Hutchins, Lyall, Richardson, Muntz, Robertson, Ford, and many others.

•

Miss Bessie Bonsall is spending her vacation at Parry Sound.

•

Miss Tomlinson of Sherbourne street is visiting Miss Ethelind Thomas of Belleville.

•

Miss Chrissie Steen of Carlton street left town on Monday for a visit to the seaside, Long Island. She will spend a few weeks with her aunt in New York before returning to Toronto.

•

Rev. T. C. Street Macklem was home from Georgian Bay this week.

•

A very handsome legacy has fallen to a lady in Toronto, it being a magnificent diamond ring bestowed upon her father by King Charles X. of France.

•

Sig. D'Auria, who with Madame D'Auria and family is passing the hot season at Glen Island in the Bay of Quinte and enjoying the balmy breezes of that delightful sheet of water, will return to Toronto feeling confident that as a fisherman he "breaks the record," for on Saturday last, after a struggle requiring both pluck and skill, he landed a maskinonge weighing forty pounds and six ounces. A mighty fish it was, as the Chevalier Gianelli can certify, for he has already had the pleasure of dining off a piece of the monster, which was expressed to him by Sig. D'Auria.

•

The Misses Foster have gone to Old Orchard Beach for a month.

•

Mr. and Miss Elliot and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott and daughter left on Thursday for a trip down the St. Lawrence and a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Scott of Montreal.

•

Capt. E. P. Davison, wife and daughter, have returned from a trip of four months on the Continent.

•

The Torontonians who are staying at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, this week are: Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, the Misses Brock, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, Miss Smith, Mrs. W. H. Cross and family, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kent and family, Miss Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten, Viscount de Grandsaines, Col. Robert Denison, Mr. Robert Crean, Mr. E. C. Boeckh and family, the Misses Smith and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wilson. From other parts are: Mr. and Mrs. A. Mackie and Mr. John J. Grover of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Prince of New York, and Miss R. Coyne of London, England.

•

Miss Weller of Kensington avenue is spending a few weeks at Schoon Lake, Adirondack Mountains, New York.

•

The children of Sandy Point, Lake Muskoka, gave a fancy dress concert on July 25, to which all in that neighborhood were invited. The large number of people were fully repaid for their long rows by witnessing a splendid and pretty sight. The performers were nine in number: the Misses Mabel Beddoe, Marjorie Beddoe, Annie Lindsay, Elsie Doolittle, Edith Webb, Lena Fulton, Louie Fulton, Mona Cleaver and Master Wilcox Doolittle. The programme was as follows:

1. Fairy Drill.....E. Webb and Mabel Beddoe
2. Motion Songs { If I were a Merry Bird / Away Among the Blossoms
3. Club Swinging.....E. Webb
4. Old English Minuet
5. Lindsay, M. Beddoe, E. Doolittle, W. Doolittle
5. Song. Over the Mountains and Over the Moor...M. Beddoe
6. Tableau
Three Graces, Art, Music, Minuet and Fairies.

The Fairy Drill was entirely arranged and composed by Miss Mabel Beddoe, and as she was the instigator of the whole performance, very high praise is her due. The Motion songs were prettily and well sung. Miss E. Webb's club swinging brought forth an encore. The Old English Minuet was danced without a flaw. The costumes were well in keeping with the subject and it was loudly encored. Mabel Beddoe's song was sung prettily and takingly, as she represented a beggar girl dressed in rags, with bare feet. A collection was taken up by the beggar girl. The closing tableau deserves great praise. The colored light brought out every detail of arrangement and costume. Refreshments were served round a camp fire and all left declaring the concert a grand success. The collections brought in $17.75, which after defraying very trivial expenses will be given to the Toronto Children's Aid Society.

•

Among the new votaries of the wheel is Miss Martha Dixon of Howard street, who, with her cousin Miss Swan, who is visiting her, make a spate of graceful and successful riders.

•

Last Saturday the Y Ladies' Bicycle Club took a run to Bond Lake, and found the outing most enjoyable.

•

Mrs. John A. Taylor and family are sojourning at their summer cottage, Jackson's Point, Lake Simcoe.

•

A pleasant affair will take place at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening next, that being the date of the reception given by the Employing Printers' Association to the delegates to the annual convention of the United Typothetæ of America. Mr. C. Blackett Robinson is the president, and Mr. R. L. Patterson chairman of an able reception committee. I hope to give an account of the affair next week.

•

The Misses Ines and Helena Taylor of London are the guests of Mrs. A. Maxwell Lyon of Collier street.

•

Mr. R. R. Bongard has gone to the Gulf on a fishing tour.

•

Mr. and Mrs. James Lockhart of College street are visiting their son, Mr. Reginald Lockhart, at West Island Point.

•

Miss Kate Kennedy of Caledonia is visiting the Misses MacMahon of 119 Bathurst street.

•

Those guests who have augmented the merry party at the Penetanguishene Hotel this week are as follows: Mr. C. E. and Masters E. and S. Ryerson, Mrs. Walter Mackenzie, Mrs. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. James Roaf and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bull, Mrs. A. and the Misses Crawford, Mrs. T. W., Miss and Master Woodbridge, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dodds, Miss Carpmael, and Messrs. A. R. Callaway, W. McLean, W. R. O'Hara, R. F. Bull, H. P. Taylor, J. P. Worthy, John Greer, and J. H. L. Patterson of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. T. C., Miss Jessie and Master H. L. Barnes, Mr. E. A. Hart and Miss C. M. Strong of Cincinnati; Messrs. Willis Woodward, T. B. Haviland, Geo. D. Smith, and Dr. Woddick of Buffalo, A. H. McKee of Pittsburgh; Albert Young, Alex. Harvey, Joseph Hobson, W. F. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson and family and Miss Tomlinson of Kansas City; Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Webster, the Misses Hobson and Greenhill, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hogg and family of Ottawa; Mrs. Greenhill and family of Galt and Judge Gowan of Barrie.

•

Miss Haskett of Seaton street has just returned from a visit to Fernleigh, Niagara-on-the-Lake, where she was the guest of Mrs. Coxwell of Toronto.

•

Mrs. Charles A. Weeks and son, of Grand Rapids, Mich., are visiting for the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bills, 176 Lippincott street, and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Linton, 551 King street west.

•

Mrs. D. L. Thompson is at the Paignton House, Lake Rosseau.

•

Dr. C. V. Snelgrove, 105 Carlton street, was a distinguished guest at the thirty-second annual session of the American Dental Association held at Niagara Falls this week.

•

A charming summer party of young people are at Mr. W. B. McMurrich's Muskoka residence, Harmony Hall. Genial hospitality, fine location and bright, merry guests render this an ideal spot for a holiday sojourn.

•

Mrs. Irving Cameron and family and Miss Ramsay of Hamilton left yesterday for the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe.

•

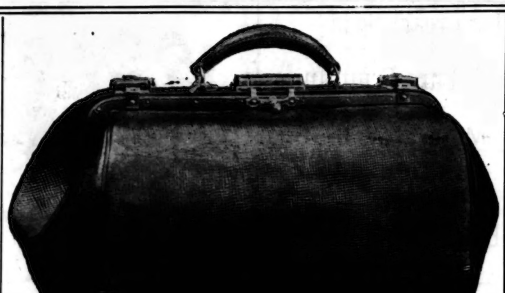
Mrs. W. A. Geddes, Miss Geddes, Miss Carrie Strowger, Mr. Fred Strowger, Mr. and Mrs. H. Blackburn, Miss Bain, Mr. Bain of Toronto and Mr. H. Murton of Guelph left for Chicago with the steamer Campana on Monday last.

•

Madame and Miss Mathilde Chopitea are guests at the Elliott House since their return from Penetang.

•

Miss Daisy McMurray is the guest of Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Muskoka.



A Fashionable Bag.

One of the most convenient Travelling Bags now in use is represented in the above engraving. It is deep and roomy, very wide bottom and inside pockets. With leather lining and heavy plated Lock and Trimming, it is handsome as well as strong. These bags are made in sizes from 14 to 18 inches, ranging in price from $4.75 to $16.50. All fashionable colors in leather are used, from light Russet to deep Chestnut, and in real Alligator. Sold at the Trunk and Bag Store of H. E. Clarke & Co., 105 King Street West.

Undigested.

"Aren't you the same tramp I gave a piece of pie to last year?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Yes, ma'am," returned the tramp, putting his hand on his stomach. "I have it yet."

In Polite Society.

Tweedledum, jr. (to Tweedledum, sr.)—By Jove, Miss Tweedledee's looking as old as her mother!

Mrs. Tweedledee (unexpectedly, unoblivious)—Who is taking my name in vain?

Tweedledum, sr.—Let me hasten to plead guilty. As we were saying, Charles and I, you are looking as young as your daughter!

None to Spare.

Mrs. D.—Just think, Mary, how terrible. The poor man was torn limb from limb.

Mary—Lor' bless us, marm, and men so scarce!

Getting it Down Fine.

Guest—What's this extra charge of five dollars for?

Hotel Clerk—That's for fees which you neglected to give the waiter.

A Practical Lesson

Sunday School Teacher—What lesson are we to learn from the story of Jonah and the whale?

Pupil—To stay on dry land.

Explained.

He—Show Shame her own image. Why does he make Shame feminine?

She—Because men haven't any.

Fine Pictures.

"That is beautiful! That is really splendid—much prettier than the ordinary photos with the glossy finish."

We were shown some work in a photographer's studio the other day and in honest admiration were forced to make the above exclamation. People are getting tired of those common photos which are ground out by the thousands every week. Occasionally some one comes home from Europe with a picture which has been taken over there—in beautiful halftone, with elegant mat finish, and we wonder why photographers in Canada do not produce such a class of work. We ask the photographer, and he says there is no demand for it; our customers will not accept that class of work, when the fact is (except in a few cases) they are never shown anything but common pasteboard pictures. When we entered the photographer's studio the other day we saw some work that it was refreshing to look at. The effect was truly beautiful, and artistic to a degree in pure black and white on transparent opal glass. The shadows were so soft and the high-lights so brilliant that we resolved there and then to inform the art-loving people of Toronto that there was at least one photographer in their midst who deserves patronage and support. J. Clayton Walker, who has recently located in Toronto in a magnificently fitted studio on Yonge street, under the firm name of J. C. Walker & Co.

Summer Resort Chatter.

New Boarder (just arriving)—What is that curious rattling noise? I hope there are no snakes about here!

Landlord's Son—That's the boarders' teeth you hear—their mornin' chill 's comin' on.—*Puck.*

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT
London, Ont.

GOLD MEDAL JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 1891

PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL Lake Simcoe

Magnificent Summer Hotel
The Finest in Canada

OPEN JUNE 22

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. W. H. RAY

Built at a Cost of $50,000
Everything in First-Class Style

Electric Light, Electric Bells, Bowling Alley, Ballroom, 40 Acres Land, Lawn Tennis, Boating, Fine Bathing-house for Ladies, Bathing, Fishing. Boats regularly from Orillia and Barrie. For terms apply to
W. H. RAY, Peninsular Park Hotel, Barrie, Ont.
or to M. McCONNELL, 45 Colborne Street, Toronto

The Penetanguishene.

A pleasant summer holiday can be spent at the "Penetanguishene" hotel. Georgian Bay scenery and fishing. House open until October 1, and comfort secured through steam heating.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and of mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

CAUTION
Beware of imitations of
BABY'S OWN SOAP
The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

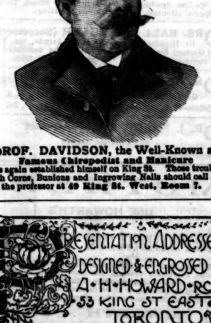
BRANTFORD LADIES' COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Rev. Principal Cavan, D.D., Visiting and Honorary Director.
Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Governor.
Mrs. Mary Reilly, Lady Principal.
The most numerously attended Presbyterian Ladies' College in Ontario, with a Faculty of 20 members, chiefly specialists.
RE OPENS SEPTEMBER 7, 1892
Applicants for admission or for Calendars will address REV. WM. COCHRANE, D.D., Governor.

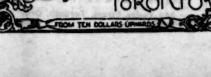
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
(Founded 1829)
This College will re-open on
Tuesday, September 13
At 10 o'clock, for the enrolment of new pupils.
Staff of sixteen Masters. Classical, Science or Modern, Commercial, Musical and Art Departments fully equipped. Also facilities for thorough instruction in Physical Culture; Gymnasium, Cricket Fields. Large covered rink and quarter of a mile track in course of construction.
For prospectus apply to
THE PRINCIPAL,
Upper Canada College,
July 22, 1892. Deer Park, Toronto, Ont.

Steamers Garden City and Lakeside

Daily for Port Dalhousie & St. Catharines and Grimsby Park. Leave Milloy's Wharf for Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines at 7 a.m., 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.; for Grimsby Park at 12 (noon) only. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 12 o'clock boat for Grimsby leaves at 3 p.m., and 7 p.m. boat for St. Catharines leaves at 2.30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday excursions at 2 p.m. Return fare 50c Saturday tickets good to return Monday.
Regular fare to Grimsby Park, 75c.; for those returning same day, 50c. Regular fare to St. Catharines, $1.25; for those going on the 2 p.m. boat and returning the same day, 75c.
The steamer GARDEN CITY can be chartered for Moonlight excursions at reasonable rates.



PROF. DAVIDSON, the Well-Known and Famous Chiropodist and Manicure
Has again established himself on King St. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at 59 King St. West, Room 7.



To My Patrons and the Public Generally:

Special inducements are now offered for the next 60 days for Light Scotch Tweed Suitings, of which I have just received a large consignment, and invite your inspection.

HENRY A. TAYLOR
No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto

WE are now showing the largest and finest stock of Carriages, of all descriptions, in the Dominion. Call and inspect them. All work guaranteed.
GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Run a THROUGH SLEEPER on the 9 p.m. Express
Tuesday and Friday
Through the White Mountains by Daylight to
OLD ORCHARD AND THE **MAINE COAST**
And Through Sleeper Every Night to Kingston Wharf, making direct connection with the Mail Steamers to MONTREAL, QUEBEC, THE SAGUENAY.
Baggage examined at the Union Station.

FOR ROCHESTER
SS. CARMONA
This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every
Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.
Saturday at 10 p.m.
Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.
Returning, leaving Charlotte every
Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.
This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers.
Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at
W. A. GEDDES, 80 Yonge Street, or on Wharf.
P. S.—Steamer open for charter (day excursions) on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Apply to— F. McINTYRE, 51 Yonge Street

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's Royal was universally well attended. Among the many present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, Mrs. H. Wellington, Mr. Alex. Nairn, Miss Keefer, Mr. G. E. Blancher, Mr. J. W. Bain, Mr. Avery, Mr. W. Tassie, Mrs. L. Lansing, Miss Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gibbs, Mr. J. B. McLean, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mr. J. Geale Dickson, Mr. George Hastings, Mr. D. W. and Miss Yarker, Mr. H. Hovey, Mr. and Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. and Miss Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, Mr. H. H. Smith, Mr. C. and Miss Milloy, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Mr. J. Bixby, the Misses Ogden, the Misses Wilkinson, Miss A. Rutherford, Mr. T. L. Morison, Miss Palmer, Miss Bernard, Miss I. and Miss E. Phillips, Miss Smart, Miss F. Smith, Miss Lee, Mr. J. B. Smith, Mr. W. Geale, Mr. Bristol, Mr. F. J. Kirsan, Mr. A. B. Harrison, Mr. H. Coulson, Mr. F. W. Hudson, Mr. P. Maule, the Misses Heward, Miss Geddes, Mr. W. Syer, Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Mrs. and Miss Paffard, Dr. J. E. Elliott, Mr. H. Syer, Mr. C. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, Miss Bryan, Mr. P. Alma, Mr. G. R. Warwicke, Mr. F. W. Doran, Miss Griffith, Mr. J. G. Doran, Dr. F. Winnett, Mr. J. A. Flock, Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. and Miss Ball, Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Mr. C. Melton, Miss McKeene, Mr. and Miss Russell, Mrs. and the Misses Winnett, Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. McPike, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. Kilpin, Mr. F. Marling, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, Miss Lockhart, Mrs. Gregg, a very handsome blonde, whose abundance of wavy golden hair excited much admiration, was in white; Miss Keefer, who was also very much admired, looked exceedingly pretty in white muslin and lace; Miss Eddy, a captivating little maiden from Geneva, N. Y., wore gray cashmere; Miss Fanny Smith, white and cherry; Miss Edith Russell, a most becoming gown of daffodil silk; Mrs. Foy, crushed strawberry silk; Miss Foy, blue—light and dark—striped silk; Miss Heward wore a most becoming French muslin of mauve and ivory white; Miss Winnett, a very pretty combination of cream and brown muslin, brown ribbons; Mrs. McPike looked very handsome in a costume of white and green vined with scarlet; Miss Burnett, pink brocaded silk; Mrs. J. Foy, sea-green silk.

The stage at the Amphitheater was very prettily decorated for last Friday evening's concert. Banting of various shades, immense Japanese fans and umbrellas, easy chairs and pretty bamboo easels, behind which were massed great boughs of green, gave the whole a most artistic and attractive appearance. Those who assisted in making the evening a success were: Mrs. Thompson, soprano; Master Bert Thompson, clubs; Mr. George McBeth, elocutionist; Miss Katie Halliday, violoncellist; Mr. O'Malley, baritone; Mrs. Ramsay, pianist; and Mr. W. E. Ramsay, without whom none of the concerts would be complete. The attendance was particularly good. Among others I noticed: Mrs. P. Beale, the Misses Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, Miss Rogers, the Misses Jarvis, Messrs. W. and H. Syer, Mr. Pedro Alma, Mrs. Russell, Mr. J. and Miss E. Russell, the Misses Heward, Mr. C. Montgomery, Capt. J. B. and Mr. F. Gale, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. and the Misses Winnett, Mr. L. and Miss Nelles, Miss Rankin, Mrs. R. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. C. and Miss K. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Miss Viola Geddes, the Misses Blake, Mr. Ferguson, Miss M. McKeene, Mrs. H. L. and the Misses Anderson, Mr. Sterrick.

Mrs. Winthrop gave a most enjoyable little dance last Thursday evening. Among others present were: The Misses Paffard, Capt. and Mrs. Beale, Miss Geddes, Miss Baldwin, Miss Rogers, Mr. P. and Miss Ball, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. Herbert Syer, Mr. Asbury and Miss Ouilman.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregg of Buffalo, and Mrs. and Miss Eddy of Geneva, N.Y., who have been spending a few weeks at the Queen's, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Allan Macdougall was the guest for a few days this week of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall.

Miss Nova Huntington has been spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. H. Watt.

Miss Watt of Buffalo, whose beauty and grace are so much admired, has been visiting relatives in town.

Mr. G. W. and Miss Yarker were among the guests at the Queen's last Saturday.

GALATEA.

HAMILTON.

Mr. F. W. Gates, sr., and Mr. George E. Gates left for Old Orchard Beach last Thursday for two weeks' enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. August Bolte of Toronto spent last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lottridge of Blackanton.

Mrs. Mewburn of Jackson street and Mrs. Harold Lambe are the guests of Mrs. Young at Lake Muskoka.

Miss Kate Mills is summering at Penson's, Lake Rosseau.

The Misses McInnes are spending a few weeks at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. J. H. Macpherson left on Monday for England. Mrs. Lucas will bring back her eldest daughter in October for a fair *debutante* this season.

Mr. Billet, now of Peterborough, formerly in the Bank of Commerce here, spent a few holidays in Hamilton this week.

Mr. Ewing Ferrie left on Saturday for Georgian Bay to visit Mrs. Alex. Turner's charming island.

Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Ethel Hamilton left on Monday for Murray Bay for the month of August.

Miss Lottridge is visiting friends in Whitby.

Mrs. George E. Bristol left on Saturday for an extended tour in the North-West and expects to be absent two months.

Miss Dewar left on Thursday evening for New York, where she will spend a month or two.

Mr. Alexander Harvey left for Muskoka last Tuesday for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin and family left last week for Port Sandfield for the summer.

Miss Robertson of Hannoch Lodge left on Monday evening for a tour through England and Scotland.

Mrs. Colby of New York is the guest of Mrs. Symonds of Jackson street.

Beau Rivage, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mills, presented a most picturesque aspect at Hamilton Beach on Monday evening, when the celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Mills' tin wedding was held. The illuminations of Chinese lanterns added much to the beauty of the scene. The presents were all that could be desired and some were very amusing, large tin fish being brought on rods, dainty silver slippers filled with flowers, and Mrs. Mills carried a large tin palm leaf fan. Anderson's orchestra discoursed sweet strains. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. George Mills, Miss and Miss May Mills, Mrs. J. B. and Miss Young, Miss Wallace, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Rev. Geo. and Mrs. Fornoret, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gates, Miss Roe, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Pappe, Mr. and Mrs. Kilvert, Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Robertson, Mrs. Bellhouse, Mr. Geo. Bellhouse, Miss McGiverin, Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Burns, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Miss Baines. The 10.50 train carried the visitors back to town after a jolly evening.

SYLVIA.

GODERICH.

A very enjoyable dance was given by the bachelors of Goderich at the Park House, on Tuesday evening, July 12. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. D. MacDonald, Mrs. A. M. Ross, Mrs. Hutchison, Mrs. Horton and Mrs. Holt. Among those present I particularly noticed Miss Rogers of Cayuga, who looked charming in a gown of white cashmere *en train*. Another pretty costume was worn by Miss Toms of Simcoe, who dances divinely; it was of pink silk, trimmed with smilax, and the wearer looked very pretty. Miss Aggie Ross looked well in old rose silk and net, as did also Miss Horton in white; Mrs. Lloyd wore a very becoming dress of buttercup bengaline, with ribbon trimmings. Another handsome dress was worn by Mrs. McDonald; it was cream brocaded satin, effectively trimmed with black lace. The stern sex was well represented by Messrs. Drummond, Harvey, McDonald, Holt, Lloyd, Bird, MacDermott, Holmes, McVicar, Hunter, Williams, Davis, Reynolds, Horton, Holmes, Cowie, Radcliffe, Remington, Shannon, Rose and Crozier.

On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. Garrow received her many friends from five to eight o'clock. The spacious grounds so particularly adapted to anything of that kind were thronged with guests. At the disposal of the young people were the tennis courts, while to the onlookers refreshments were served by a bevy of fair maidens. We noticed among the crowd: Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Holt, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mrs. and Miss Rogers, Mr. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Mrs. J. F. Toms, Miss Toms, Judge and Mrs. Doyle, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Burns, Mrs. and Miss Ellwood, Miss Hutchison, Miss Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lloyd, Miss Horton, the Misses Cameron, Mrs. Wilson, and Messrs. Ross, Williams, Holmes, Harvey, Allan and many others.

At Homes have been the order of the day for the past month. The noticeable ones were given by Mrs. Young, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. A. M. Ross and Mrs. Lewis, all of which were very much enjoyed by the participating guests.

Last month Mrs. I. F. Toms gave a very jolly dance to the young people in honor of her niece, Miss Mary Toms, who is spending the summer here.

The following visitors are in town: Mr. and Mrs. Van Rossen of Chicago, Mrs. Nelson of London, Mrs. (Dr.) Johnston of Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Burns of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Rogers of Cayuga, Miss Jennings of Paris, Miss Johnston of Sarnia and many others.

Judge and Mrs. Johnstone left for their home at the "Soo" last week after spending a month here.

NEMO.

PENETANGUISHENE.

The Hotel Penetanguishene, which has been such a favorite resort for the past five summers, is still turning away applicants for rooms, as it is filled to its utmost capacity.

Mrs. Mumford of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Walker Keating.

Judge and Mrs. Macdougall spent last week in town, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Bowman.

Mrs. A. B. Thompson's sisters, Mrs. Ogden of Chicago and Mrs. Estelle of Winnipeg, are spending the summer with her.

Miss Lemoine of Quebec is the guest of Mrs. McCrossen.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, one of the survivors of the late drowning accident, is spending a week at the residence of Mr. Band.

An exciting tennis match took place on Tuesday which resulted in a victory for the hotel, the contest being with the town club.

SUMMER GIRL.

Too Particular.

"Maud, run over to Mrs. DeSwelle's and tell her her chimney is on fire."

"I can't, papa. This is Wednesday, and Mrs. DeSwelle's day is Thursday. I'll go tomorrow."

MEDICAL.

ANDERSON & BATES
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Telephone 2221. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

DR. PALMER
20 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 243 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 166 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER
DENTIST
249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College
Telephone 2347.

M. W. SPARROW, L.D.S., Dental Surgeon
Central Dental Parlors
N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto.
Special attention paid to painless operating.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 23, Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2232.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 2808.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2275. TORONTO

MOTHERS
USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants or children, caused by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
G. HOWARTH - Druggist
243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Established 1849. Telephone 1359

Ice Cream Soda
Pure Fruit Juices
Mineral Water on Draught
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge St., Toronto

Mason & Risch Pianofortes
Are the Instruments of the Cultured
32 King St. West TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births

HAAS—At 62 Madison avenue, Toronto, on July 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas—a son.
COCKSHUTT—On July 23, at 167 Chatham street, Brantford, wife of W. T. Cockshutt—a son.
BOOTH—July 26, Mrs. George W. Booth—a daughter.
MILNE—July 26, Mrs. J. W. Milne—a son.
KAY—July 25, Mrs. B. Kay—a son.
WILKY—July 25, Mrs. W. F. Wiley—a daughter.
GILLESPIE—July 29, Mrs. Walter Gillespie—a daughter.
HEYES—July 29, Mrs. F. W. Heyes—a daughter.
LOUNT—July 27, Mrs. F. A. Lount—a daughter.
FREEMAN—July 25, Mrs G. E. Freeman—a daughter
JAMIESON—July 27, Mrs. R. E. Jamieson—a son.
BRECKON—July 27, Mrs. P. Breckon—a daughter.
FRASER—July 23, Mrs. J. Fraser—a daughter.
McPHERSON—July 25, Mrs. W. D. McPherson—a son.
MERRETT—July 26, Mrs. T. E. Merrett—a daughter.
SMITH—July 24, Mrs. Harley Smith—a daughter.

Marriages.

BREMNER—NIGHTINGALE—August 1, Wm. W. Bremner to Mary T. Nightingale.
PEARCE—TROWELL—July 27, W. Daw Pearce to Elizabeth Trowell.
NOBLE—BROOKS—July 27, W. Grant Noble to Fanny Brooks.
WEBSTER—TROUP—July 19, Charles A. Webster to Annie Troup.
WIGLEY—GREEN—July 27, Arthur B. Wigley to Marion Green.
MUSSON—STEWART—July 18, Samuel Musson to Addie Stewart.

Deaths.

MACDONELL—At 274 Victoria street, Phoebe, youngest daughter of John A. and Jessy Macdonell, aged 2 months and 10 days.
MILLMAN—August 2, Maria T. Millman—aged 70.
MITCHELL—July 24, George A. Mitchell—aged 45.
BROWN—July, Sarah Brown—aged 49.
McKINNEY—July 30, Samuel Hughes McKinney—aged 38.
SOMERVILLE—July 30, Olive Somerville—aged 12.
WILLIAMS—July 31, A. A. D. Williams.
BOULTON—August 1, Frances Boulton—aged 86
BADGEROW—July 31, George W. Badgerow—aged 50.
BLADE—July, Daniel D. Blade—aged 82.
ROBB—July 3, Thomas B. Robb—aged 67.
MONTGOMERY—July 29, Irene May Montgomery.
SCOTT—July 30, Walter Scott.
BUCKNER—July 27, John A. G. Buckner—aged 47.
TROTTER—July 28, Sarah Ann Trotter—aged 19.
CHASE—July 29, Alice Chase.
MORRISON—July 26, Hazel Morrison—aged 2.
WARWICK—July 28, Eliza Warwick.
WILKINSON—July 27, James Hands Wilkinson—aged 62.
MEREDITH—July 27, William N. Meredith—aged 13.
THOMPSON—July 28, Leonard Thompson—aged 66.
WARDMAN—July 27, Sarah Wardman—aged 65.
BACH—July, William B. Bach—aged 55.

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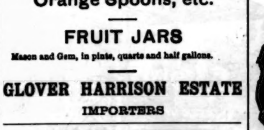

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